

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Nautical School—Shocking Ignorance.

The Report of the Seventeenth Anniversary of the New York Nautical School contains the following sentence, as forming part of the address of the President of the Society, Mr. J. F. Thoms:

"Not less than two hundred thousand vessels cleared from the United States for foreign ports during the last year, while the entire American fleet comprised more than forty thousand vessels, manned by six hundred thousand sailors, and bearing articles of commerce to the value of two billions of dollars."

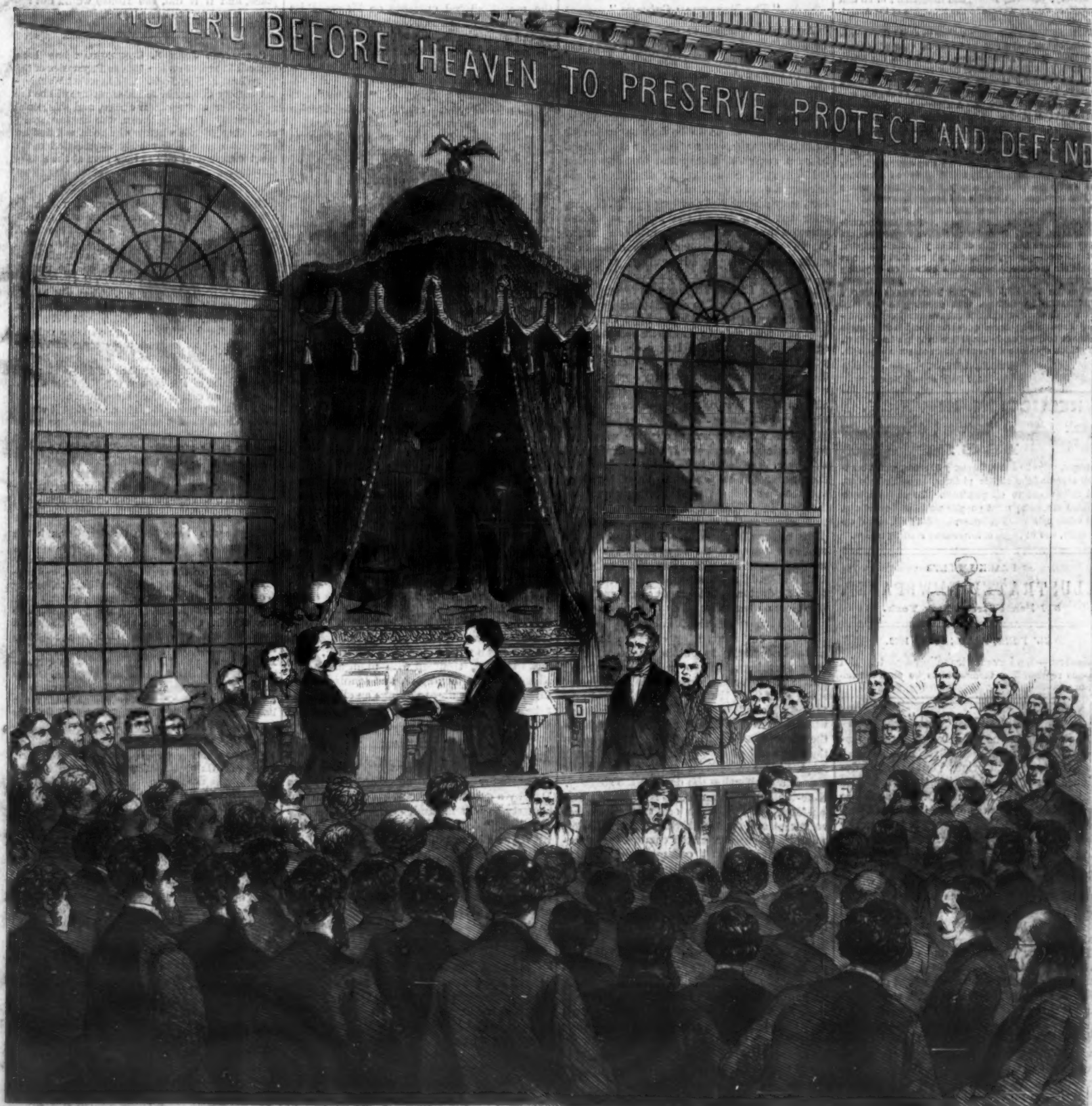
It would be almost impossible to crowd more blunders into so small a space; and it really seems incredible that the President of a Society should know so little about the primary facts on which his Society claims public support. It is evident at a glance that the clearance of two hundred thousand vessels in a year is equal to five hundred and forty-eight per day, and only a moment's reflection is required to show that that at least is a gross exaggeration.

The official returns relative to the shipping trade of the United States are to be found in the

Monthly Report of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics for last February, No. 14., p. 35. From this we find that, instead of 200,000, as stated by Mr. Thoms, the total number of vessels cleared was 25,993. Instead of the number of American vessels being 40,000, as stated by Mr. Thoms, the actual number was 8,401, measuring 3,419,502 tons. Even supposing that these 8,401 vessels carried 24 men to each 100 tons, which is certainly a very large estimate, the total number of seamen employed would be 86,487, instead of the 600,000 imagined by Mr. Thoms. Turning to

page 29 of the same Report, we find the value of the exports last year was \$334,000,000, and not \$2,000,000,000, as stated by Mr. Thoms.

The New York Nautical School may be a very excellent institution, but if its members know no more than their President, they are much to be pitied. If on its 17th anniversary they are still so befogged that they are unable to expose the palpable absurdities of Mr. Thoms, one may be excused in wondering what they knew seventeen years ago.



THE INAUGURATION OF HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, JANUARY 1st, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 275.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for 1869.

THIS Journal, now in the fourteenth year of its existence, has achieved a popularity based wholly upon its merits, and stands to-day at the head of its class of journalism in this country.

We have determined for the future to assume for the Newspaper the highest tone, and to avoid catering for those who value a picture simply in view of its sensational effects. Nothing that can offend good taste or that appeals to a morbid appetite for pictured horrors will be found in its columns, and it can take its place upon the drawing-room table without fear of disturbing the purest moral atmosphere, or the most refined sentiment.

The resources of the establishment, gathered from every available quarter, and strengthened by a long experience of the wants of the public, enable us to promise, for the current year, such improvement in all the departments of the paper as will put the seal upon the bond of good feeling between the people and this their favorite journal.

We particularly call attention to the fact that we have, with extraordinary pains, secured the services of several distinguished and world-known scientific writers, who will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a series of instructive articles, elaborately illustrated. Still, while exploring more fully than heretofore the field of science and art, we shall not depart from the original intention of this journal—to illustrate the news of the day.

Whatever may occur in any part of the country, let us say in any quarter of the globe, of general interest to our country-people, that event, and the scenes and personages identified with it, will be found pictured in our columns.

To accomplish this, we spare no pains or expense, and we have at our command, in men and machinery, and in watchfulness, energy, and enterprise, all that is requisite to be the first in the field, and to fulfill our mission faithfully and well.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is, therefore, a pictorial record of men, manners, and events; of history, political, social, and industrial; of all that transpires worthy a place in the thoughts of the American people.

Partisanship it will seek rather to avoid than to entertain, but will also take an impartial view of political situations, frankly, independently, and with the intention to be just and true to its convictions.

In its sphere, it will be acknowledged, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has done good service in the cause of reform. American households will not forget that it exposed and gave the deathblow to the *Swiss Milk* outrage, and many have been the errors and abuses that it has corrected.

In that respect, the value of a fearless and faithful Illustrated Newspaper cannot be over-estimated. Its pictures appeal immediately and forcibly to the masses, and carry the point with popular sentiment where written statements, theories and arguments would fail.

As companions at the winter fireside, Frank Leslie's Publications have not their peers. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, apart from its attractive engravings, in every number has wealth of literary matter—original and selected—poetry, romance, and all that the press affords for the entertainment and instruction of young and old.

So, at the threshold of the New Year, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, with greeting to the kind public with which its relations have ever been so pleasant, renews its assurances of earnest and indefatigable endeavor to deserve, in the future as it has in the past, the golden opinions it has won from all sorts of people.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1869.

64 pages, price 20 cents, formerly 50 cents, with 4 beautiful chromo-lithographic pictures, superbly colored, and fully equal to oil paintings. These have been selected from the most popular works of Louis Lang, and other celebrated painters; besides 60 beautiful engravings, and 64 pages of interesting reading matter.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

"The New World."

IN good time to be identified with the opening of the New Year, the first number of a journal based upon original but carefully developed ideas, and rich with those treasures of literature and art that most forcibly appeal to a cultivated popular taste, has just been introduced to the American public. It is naturally with sentiments of pride and satisfaction that Mr. Frank Leslie makes this addition to his numerous enterprises in the field of journalism, for that he has the power and the will to embark afresh upon a sea where he has so often ventured, affords the most substantial evidence of past success, and the greatest promise for the future.

If THE NEW WORLD—for under that title the new-comer claims a welcome—should, as the youngest, and certainly not the least graceful, become the "pet of the family," we are sure that it will possess the attributes to sustain this pleasant reputation. Its most popular feature will doubtless be the original stories and romances, beautifully illustrated, contributed by the most celebrated and entertaining authors of the day; and to that end Mr. Leslie has made the most liberal and extensive arrangements to secure the most gifted pens in this country and in Europe. But none of the essential qualities of a first-class journal,

that aims to be a favorite at every fireside, will be neglected, and entertainment will be so blended with instruction, and so guided by high-toned delicacy, as to accord with the moral discipline of the most exacting household.

The Hon. E. George Squier, Prof. C. A. Joy, Arthur Sibley, Capt. Mayne Reid, William Ross Wallace, and Frank Leslie are among the contributors to the first number, which contains, also, the opening chapters of a thrilling original romance by Mrs. Frances Gerry Fairfield.

But we do not propose to analyze the character of THE NEW WORLD; we are content to let it be the herald of its own merits, and with full confidence, we invite the attention of the public to the first number, to which we refer as a fair specimen of excellence in illustrated journalism.

We must not, however, dismiss the subject without an allusion to the Supplement issued with the first number of THE NEW WORLD. This Supplement, which, without extra charge, accompanies the new journal, is, in itself, as a model of taste and prettiness, in its sphere, worthy the attention of the public. It is illustrated with a series of humorous designs, executed in the highest style of art, and among other attractions, contains the music of the quadrille, "La Grande Duchesse," familiar to the public among the *chef-d'œuvres* of the popular composer Offenbach. THE NEW WORLD and its Supplement are now ready at the news-stands to receive the popular judgment.

"The Paraguay Outrage."

AMERICAN citizens, or persons claiming to be such, albeit in speech some of them are very far from possessing the national twang, said to be so characteristic, are to be found in almost every country, and city, and town, on the globe. Mexico, Central and South America are favorite haunts of great numbers. They generally claim to be doctors, inasmuch as in those regions every foreigner is supposed to be a *medico*, and they find that humoring this fancy is the surest and easiest way of obtaining a subsistence. If they are not doctors, they are certainly photographers. Some, after having mastered the mysteries of the surveyor's compass, profess to be engineers. On the whole, the better class among them is made up of simple adventurers, worthless fellows, of no use to themselves or others, and whom their friends at home have been only too glad to ship off to distant lands, with so little money as to justify the hope that they may never be able to pay their passage back again. But by far the larger class is composed of fellows who have not only "left their country for their country's good," but who have been hastened in their exit by the officers of the law, or the gentle persuasion of vigilance committees.

But in whatever way they have wandered from their real or pretended native land, and whatever may have been their antecedents, they never fail to profess to be of high importance at home; and not unfrequently, through impudence and strong assumption, gain wives and properties, and, occasionally, place under Government. The traveler often creates astonishment among the Dons in admitting ignorance of the powerful family and distinguished reputation of the American dentist, doctor, photographer, or engineer, who lives on the other side of the plaza.

But whether dentists, doctors, photographers, or engineers, they all have an irrepressible tendency to obtain contracts for all sorts of things, and to undertake works of public improvement, primarily to secure some small sum from the Government, and always to lay the foundation for a claim. Sometimes, when they undertake the rôle of merchant, they will establish a claim by setting fire to their "warehouses" (a seven-by-nine *tienda* most likely) whenever a revolution comes round, and charging the deed on the soldiery. Nine-tenths of all our troubles with the Spanish-American States are created by these adventurers and fugitives from justice. Hence, commissions and "mixed commissions," before which the most outrageous claims are preferred and sometimes granted, as in the notorious Gardner case in Washington, where an award was made of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for the destruction of a mine in Mexico that never existed!

Now, it is a vicious feature of our diplomatic system that men are constantly appointed to diplomatic and consular positions solely as a reward for partisan service, without any fitness for them, and often against their own wish, and accepted only because they cannot get something better or more to their taste. We have a notable example in Nicaragua, where we find a Minister who went to Washington to obtain the post of Marshal for a Western district, for which he possessed fair qualifications—a stentorian voice included. There was a competitor, and to settle the matter, Mr. D— was shipped off to Nicaragua, the position and relations of

which, we will venture to say, he had then no more knowledge of than of any equal portion of the planet Saturn, and where, we will also venture to say, he has remained for eight years in practical ignorance of the language of the land.

Officials like these, whether Consuls or Ministers, almost invariably fall into the hands of the adventurers and vagabonds to which we have alluded, and are manipulated by them. In nine cases out of ten, ignorant of the language of the country to which they are sent, and incapable, consequently, of social intercourse with its people, they take naturally to the first man with whom they can converse, and, with little or nothing to do, soon fall into his idle and dissipated habits, and often completely under his influence. He takes up his grievances, real or alleged, bullies the Government to which he is accredited on account of them, and torments the State Department with *ex parte* statements from the man who has become his client. Generally he goes to live with the adventurer, or takes him into his "Legation," and calls him an *attaché*, notwithstanding there is no such grade or rank in the class of Ministers to which he belongs. The so-called "*attaché*," once under the American flag, soon commences such fantastic tricks as make high heaven weep! Does he owe money? Let no creditor venture to dun him, or officer to serve a warrant beneath those awful folds! Does he get drunk and disorderly, let the policeman beware how he touches his person, and in no case let him dare to invade the sacred precincts of the "Legation."

Now, without knowing anything more about the recent alleged outrages on Messrs. Bliss and Masterston, in Paraguay, than has appeared in the public press, we will venture the prediction that it will be found that there was no outrage at all, and that neither of those gentlemen has been subjected to any personal violence, to say nothing of "torture" and "death." They are represented as *attachés* of Mr. Washburn, which they could not be, since Ministers Resident are entitled to no such supplement to their intrinsic grandeur. These two persons (we assume them to be Americans, which may or may not be the case), for some good reason, no doubt, sought the protection of Mr. Washburn's flag, and got it. They were not disturbed when in his house and under the "starry folds," but they were arrested when they went out of it, and probably for some good cause. There was no insult to the United States in the matter, at all. Americans going abroad are as much bound by the laws of the country they are in as the people of the country itself, and we doubt if our laws would yield immunity to an offender, or allow him to escape paying his debts, or fulfilling his contracts, under the pretense of his being an *attaché*.

How far Messrs. Bliss and Masterston belonged to the class of American adventurers and vagabonds who frequent Spanish-American countries, remains to be seen. But the horrible fate that Mr. Washburn's excited imagination pictured for them, seems to have been escaped by Mr. Bliss, at least, who, when last heard from, "was finishing an account of the history and resources of Paraguay, in fulfillment of his contract with the Government!"

Mr. Washburn's terrible stories of the "Monster Lopez," whose most innocent amusement he represented to be the imprisoning, torturing, and murdering of foreigners, had the effect of sending a French vessel of war to Asuncion, to inquire into the fate of French subjects in Paraguay. The commander found them undisturbed and hearty!

Is there no way of punishing a foolish, nervous diplomat, troubled with nightmares, for alarming half a continent, and sending a fleet three thousand miles to avenge an alleged outrage on a man who is quietly finishing his work on Paraguay, according to contract?

A General Pardon.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON signalized Christmas Day by a general proclamation of pardon and amnesty to all and sundry engaged in the late rebellion. "As President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority in him vested by the Constitution, and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, proclaims and declares unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who, directly or indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof."

The recent constitutional amendment fourteen, section three, debars from any civil or military office under the United States or any State any man who, after having taken an oath as a civil or military officer of the United States, or as a civil officer of any State, to support the United States Constitution, shall have participated in rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemy; "but

Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability." The President's full and unconditional pardon, therefore, only restores the leaders of the rebellion to their rights as private citizens; for they can only be restored to the right to hold an office of any sort, civil or military, State or national, by a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress. And section five of said amendment says that Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions by appropriate legislation.

There Again, Old Truopenny!

THE Danish Government has sent over a Cabinet Minister to lobby through the ratification of Mr. Seward's treaty for the sale of St. Thomas to the United States. The Danish Government is anxious to have the little bargain finished up. The Danish Government wants the money. And the Danish Government does not want the island, for a wonder! It has no ambition to hold on any longer to the home of yellow fever and the stamping-ground of earthquakes, where the gentlest breezes are hurricanes. We hope Mr. Rassloff will consult with Mr. Seward about an "attorney" in this case, as Baron Stoeckl did in the Alaska business. There are several persons in Washington who would take the position for a little money down, but none, we suspect, so verdant as to accept a contingent fee for promoting the consummation of the bargain. Mr. Rassloff had better go home. All his expenses here are dead loss. The Senate of the United States will not ratify Mr. Seward's folly in the first place, and if it did, the House would not appropriate a cent to complete it.

PAYMASTER JOHN S. CUNNINGHAM has been ordered to report on the 15th as Paymaster of the Navy Yard at New York. The loss that Washington society will suffer in his departure will be the gain of our metropolitan circles, and this genial and accomplished gentleman, who has the faculty of making friends wherever he goes, will find his excellent qualities as readily appreciated in the great commercial city as they were at the seat of Government.

BROOKLYN has made a contingent appropriation of \$3,000,000, and New York another of \$1,500,000, toward constructing a bridge over the East River. If built according to the designs, it will be the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world, or that ever existed on the planet. The suspending towers on which the bridge will mainly rest will be of stone. They will be 263 feet above high tide, which is 60 feet higher than the spire of St. Paul's (from its base), 42 feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and lacks only 21 feet of being as high as the steeple of Trinity Church. As the level of the bridge will be just half-way between the surface of the water and the summits of the towers, the structure will be brought into commanding view, from almost any point on the upper or lower bay, the East River, or Long Island Sound, where the two cities are in sight. Travelers arriving on our shores will recognize, in its magnificent and beautiful proportions, a fit symbol of the aspiring and projecting genius of our people. It will symbolize at once union and courage, wealth and enterprise, industry and art, strength and grace.

PARAGRAPHS have been floating through the newspapers announcing the death by poisoning, in Chicago, of Mrs. Augustus N. Dickens, widow of a brother of the celebrated novelist, and intimating that she had committed suicide, in consequence of pecuniary distress, which Mr. Charles Dickens might easily have relieved. The fact of Mr. Charles Dickens's selfishness and avarice did not need to be heightened by this intimation, for it does not appear that Mrs. Dickens was particularly straitened in circumstances. She had a house of her own, and money in bank. Her death appears to have been caused by an overdose of morphine, which she had been in the habit of taking as a relief for severe neuralgia.

STRANGE things happen constantly in France. Josephine Gabriel, of Marseilles, aged twenty, who bought drugs to poison her husband, at her mother's and cousin's suggestion, but who had misgivings about the safety of the course she was pursuing, was recommended by the cousin who urged her to the crime "to burn a wax taper to 'the Good Lady' (the Virgin Mary), to obtain divine protection against the punishment of the crime." In this case the "mother of God" was actually to be enlisted on behalf of guilt of the deepest dye, in order to dissuade God from being good in this particular case. The wretched creature hoped to get permission to be the wickedest of women, to add murder to adultery, by burning a wax taper to the Virgin! So much under the government of the "wisest of sovereigns."

MR. GEO. PRADODY has given another \$500,000 to the poor of London. This makes \$1,750,000 given to London, and \$750,000 to Baltimore, or two and half a millions in all. There is nothing to be said that we see in praise of munificence like that, save that English millionaires leave an American to show them the path of duty.

JOHNSON & Co., the great contractors, having finished the Brooklyn skating-rink, handed it over to the stockholders on the 30th December,

and commemorated the event by a superb supper, which greatly enhanced the pleasures of the slippery element, as ice ought to be called. It is a very commodious and handsome affair, and will be a great advantage to the citizens of our sister city.

THE LAST WEEK OF THE DYING YEAR.

DURING the week preceding the New Year, there has been little or no change in the Amusement Bills offered to the public by its theatrical calendar.

All of them would seem to have been well contented with their holiday attractions, and to have had sufficient faith in the continuance of their receipts, not to have thought even of offering a new programme of entertainment to their audience.

At Pike's Opera House and the French Theatre, the Opera Bouffe still reigns supreme. "La Chanson de Fortunio," "Les Bavards," "Génévieve de Brabant," and "Barbe Bleue," until New Year's Day, still filled the treasuries of the Graf Grau and Papa Bateman, recommending us to the absence of Italian Opera, and providing unpleasant comparisons as regards the superb style in which these pieces have been mounted, and the completeness of their vocal personnel, with the manner in which we have been presented with the great Italian, German and French works in the last dozen years.

Wallack's has been giving us the standard drama equally to the content of Mr. Lester Wallack and his right-hand man and treasurer, Mr. Moss.

The burlesque of "Blue Bird" has thronged the New York Theatre for the Worrell Sisters.

At Niblo's we have had "After Dark" and the Railroad scene, which has been pronounced the property of Mr. Daly.

The Olympic still continues to rejoice in "Humpty Dumpty" with side-shaking Fox.

While Barney Williams and his delightful wife still make money by the sale of John Brougham's "Emerald Ring," Nor has he yet inspired the police to look after the traffic of these unlicensed jewelers.

The New York Circus gives us a panorama.

In Brooklyn, Signor Bliz, "Aladdin" and "The Child of the Regiment" have been the cards, while a portion of Wallack's company paid that city a visit on New Year's night.

The Bryants, Wood's Museum, Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, the Central Park with Theodore Thomas's admirable orchestra, the Bowery, and every other place of evening gathering for our amusement-loving population, have been filled to repletion.

Mrs. Von Bernstorff begins a new series of representations at the Union Club Theatre on next Saturday evening. Old Bull announces two concerts at Steinway Hall for Wednesday and Thursday; last but not least, the opening of "The Tannhauser," which has been postponed, was announced to take place on Monday, and will probably have registered this new place of recreation among the most successful places of amusement in the metropolis of the New World before the time at which our sheet goes to press. The transformation of Tannhauser Hall into a new and immense theatre, with side-shows of every description, is a veritable coup d'état, and does more credit to the perseverance and rapid energy of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, than anything which they have yet accomplished in the shape of management. We have already attempted to describe the alterations which they have effected, and promise our readers a complete description of it "under the spotlight," and thronged by the crowds which were certain to assemble for the purpose of witnessing the inauguration of Democratic Tannhauser under a new guise.

With the New Year, we presume that novelty will very certainly be offered the pleasure-seeker and the critic. Until it is, we can merely offer our readers the sincerest wishes which we can express for their continuous happiness, welfare and delight, as a compensation for their giving another notch on the toll-tale staff upon which they score their age.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. THOMAS HILL, an artist who traveled much through California, has now on exhibition, at Snodgrass's Art Gallery, a large picture of the Yosemite Valley. The point of view selected by the artist for his picture is at the foot of the Mariposa Trail, at an elevation of about three hundred feet above the valley; the season August. This point is about five miles from the spot at which Mr. Bierstadt stood while making his sketches for his large picture of the same valley, exhibited here a year or two since. To the left of the picture looms up the great scarped precipice known as "El Capitan," while facing it are seen the famous "Bridal Veil Falls," and beyond them the "Cathedral Rocks." Further away is seen the strange, isolated peak called "The Sentinel." The two "Domes" are comprised in the view, bearing singular resemblance to the architecture of human hands; and the Merced river gleams lightly here and there in its windings through the valley.

A character of truthfulness to facts pervades the whole of this picture—facts of form, that is; facts of detail. In color it is not quite satisfactory, the upper part of the mountain especially displaying a heavy, leaden hue, that weakens the atmospheric effect. Undoubtedly the best portion of the picture is the foreground, the tumbling rocks and rugged vegetation of which are painted with great force and effect. Notwithstanding its coldness of tone, this picture is a very striking one, and will be looked on with interest by two classes of visitors—those who have had the good fortune to view the stupendous natural features revealed in it, and those who have formed their opinions of California scenery from books only, or from a mere description.

Snodgrass's gallery contains at present a number of other pictures, both of the landscape and the genre class, some of which may be taken as very fair examples of the work of popular artists.

Mr. J. G. Brown has here a picture of three little girls grouped together in a swing. The character here is of the arch and joyous kind, with which the artist so successfully deals, and the color, though somewhat too bright in the draperies, is, nevertheless, harmonious and pleasing to the eye.

"The Crown of New England," also on view in this gallery, is a large composition from the pencil of Mr. G. L. Brown, representing a morning view of Mount Washington in October. This picture is marked by much breadth of light and shade, as well as by luminous effect produced without any startling coup de main. A duplicate of this picture was painted for the Prince of Wales, in whose possession it now is.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Boyhood of Lincoln," is likewise to be seen here, an idealization of Abraham Lincoln as he might have looked at the age of sixteen or thereabouts. The picture is an effective one, drawn with boldness, and painted with knowledge and skill.

"Sunset in California," is a small landscape by Mr. Bierstadt, in which are combined many of the qualities by which that artist has attained to eminence as a painter of American scenery.

Among the smaller pictures in this collection, mention may be made of a little figure-piece by Mr. C. F. Blauvelt. The subject of this is an old gentleman with an umbrella under his arm, paying his fare through a small window. It is full of character, and painted with a rare degree of finish.

Landscape by Messrs. J. M. Hart, Kennet, and other popular artists in this branch, are also to be seen in the same gallery, which has now, perhaps, the best collection of pictures by American artists of any gallery in the city.

AMERICAN ART ABROAD.

MR. FRANK LESLIE, the United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, has just laid his report of the fine art of the Exposition before the

Government, and avails himself of the opportunity to speak of the miserable mismanagement and sordid spirit that characterized the whole exhibition there. He says: "The arrangements for securing works to be sent on as types of American art were left to the over-taxed hands of the forwarding agent of the Government, in New York, who appointed a committee, consisting of local patrons of art and dealers in pictures. There were no artists or recognized authorities on art matters on the committee, and the selection was made chiefly from the galleries of the salesrooms of the members of the committee themselves." The result of all of which was, to send pictures to the French Exposition which did but little credit to American art, and certainly were far from being a representation of American art at the present day, many of the pictures having been painted years ago. The truth is, art is not so much to the dogs in this country; there is too little interest taken in it by the Government itself to enable us to make a fair exhibition abroad, where art is always fondly fostered and encouraged by the powers that be. Our exhibition at Paris, then, although containing many really noble specimens of American art, was so crowded by inferior ones, taken nearly in every case from the gallery of some picture-buyer or dealer of the committee, that we were placed before Europe in a disgraceful and ludicrous light, gaining but one prize, and that but second-class, out of a list of 139. True, France has appropriated 75 of these with unblushing audacity, but none of the great countries of the world were so charitably rewarded as the United States. The fault of this must rest entirely upon the shoulders of the committee, who, in several instances, willfully overlooked artists of genuine merit for the sake of their own self-glorification, in sending pictures from their own collections, and having their own names paraded as the owners thereof. With all our assumption of independence, there is a vein of snobbery that is undermining society, and pretending to a grandeur for which it has nothing honestly tangible to show. This vein cropped out most offensively in the American Art Exhibition at Paris, and has given a blow to American art abroad, that will require much stubborn manly work upon the part of our painters to recover from. Mr. Leslie has done his task ably, and told some truths for which he deserves much credit. It is to be hoped that they will produce some good effect upon those to whom they are addressed.—*New York Evening Express.*

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Great Parliamentary Elections.—A Poor Well—The Bank of England and Lost or Stolen Bills.

I WENT at an early hour one day, when the late elections were pending, to Trafalgar square, that I might see and know all about a British election. It had appeared in the daily papers that at precisely twelve o'clock the Committee of Management of the Liberal candidates for Westminster would proceed from their rooms, hard-by, to the hustings; and promptly at that hour they came, with their candidates—Messrs. Captain Grosvenor and John Stuart Mill. A few moments later appeared the Conservative Committee, with their one candidate, although the district is entitled to two seats, which leads one to think that the Conservatives do not think themselves strong enough to get more than one! The several candidates, with their committees and spokesmen, mounted the stand, which was strongly built, and some thirty feet square and ten feet high, from whence there was a commanding view of the crowd assembled, about seven or eight thousand, I think. There was a deal of cheering and shouting groaning and cat-calling, which did not abate much, when the chairman came forward and the high balliff read to him the imperial writ calling the election of members of Parliament. Captain Grosvenor and Mr. Mill had taken their positions at the extreme right of the stand, surrounded by their leading supporters, while Mr. Smith, backed by his friends, was on the left. The chairman, balliff, &c. &c. were in the middle, and, shortly, a man with his hat off, standing between the Liberal candidates, made a five-minute speech, which no one more than four feet from him could hear, but is nevertheless all in the papers. It was what is called a nomination, and when he was done, Captain Grosvenor, a fashionably-dressed, good-looking young man, took off his hat, and spouted away in a careless and confident manner for ten minutes. Then three other men in turn made three-minute speeches, at the end of which Mr. Philosopher Mill uncovered his bald pate, and said a great many things, no doubt very good, as he always does, that I could not hear. And what a singular contrast those two candidates presented! The one representing dashing young England, the son of the richest man in the world—the Marquis of Westminster—smiling and obsequious as a healthy youth of his position and prospects might well be, and all of whose late connections one might think would lead him to the other party; and he the colleague and on the same ticket with the most distinguished metaphysician of his time, who, by the sheer force of his head, has come to be one of the leading and most trusted men of England, and whose voluminous works are printed and read in all civilized lands! It might have been regarded as a marriage of wealth and rank with wisdom and fame, and not infrequently presents the profound change through which stubborn old England is now passing. Mr. Mill is of the medium height, thin, sharp-featured, with small, twinkling eyes, and altogether makes one think of a pedagogue, or college professor of classics. After the Liberal candidates came the turn for Mr. Smith and his friends, in the same way, with a little more hooting and cheering, swarming of hats, and large posters, in which was, in long letters, "Plump for Smith." When this was quite done, the chairman called for a show of hands, and there appearing to be nearly an equal number for each party's candidate, he announced that the poll would be open at the same place to-morrow, from nine till four. The booth for polling was already erected, adjoining the grand stand, as, from experience, it was certain that a showing of hands would not determine the election. In a majority of cases throughout the kingdom there is no necessity of polling, as the majority of the successful nominee can be easily established at once by a show of hands, just as it is done in the choice of Moderator in an ordinary meeting. Oftentimes there is but one candidate, or, if two, in opposition, then, when it is apparent to one of them that he will be defeated, he mounts the stand, and in a good-natured speech resigns, and the other is declared elected. The polling is done simply and rapidly, as every voter's name and residence are in the books before the judges, and they interrogate each man as he files by them. There is no ballot, and, of course, no concealment. A plumper is a single full vote given to one candidate. As there are two seats for Westminster, each elector has a vote for two of them, which he may name, and a plumper is when he casts his vote entire for one. It is by far the most important election ever held in England, no less from the vast consequences to the laws and institutions, than because more than one hundred thousand men are for the first time admitted to the franchise. The result is not in doubt. The Liberals, with Mr. Gladstone as their leader, will win the day, and Disraeli and his Tory crew will go out. What a comfort it is all, for a Hebrew to lose his rule of England in his vain championship of the Established Protestant Church in Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone, a thorough-going churchman, his old political enemy, hearing it over! On the hustings to-day I heard some intelligent tradesmen say that, to get into office again, the Tories would not hesitate to pull down the Church of England.

The American people do not know much of the game (well, and it is not an easy thing to convey in writing

a perfect description of him. He abounds only in London in his latest development. Our well is not simply an idler, or a dandy, for a man may be reasonably well-to-do in his clothes, and yet be a swell. But one thing is indispensable—his money! Yet how cleverly fellows keep up appearances! I was dining with a bachelor, in his apartments, to-day, when the maid-of-all-work came rushing in, and, before she saw me, a stranger, she cried out: "Oh, I say, the major wishes the loan of your pants; he is going to the opera to-night!" My host bowed assent, and the girl leaving, he turned toward me, and quietly said: "Yes, the elegant major whom you met here yesterday! 'Tis the third time he has borrowed my pants, and I think he may now keep them. That fellow has not a shilling in the world, is a member of no less than three fashionable clubs, belongs, as you see by those electioneering notices, to honorable societies in the city, by virtue of which he has a vote to-morrow, and, actually, is not the owner of a pair of trousers to go to the opera or to a dinner party in. He owes everybody who will trust him up to £20, for in fear of the debtors' prison, he will not go over that amount. He is married, and his three children are, with his wife, down in the country with her poor relations, all waiting for the major's inheritance as a whole sale dealer in newspapers. Great is the triumph of the Tories at this declaration of England against radical changes, for Westminster is regarded as a fair test of the sense of the nation, as the vote of Pennsylvania is regarded significant of the will of the American people. However, Mr. Mill has himself to blame, more than others; for, admitting his transcendent abilities, purity of character, and great usefulness as a teacher and thinker, it must be admitted that, grouping his public acts since a member of Parliament, he is chargeable with pedantry, and innovations unpalatable to practical and slow-jogging John Bull; who is not prepared, in a Gallup, to abolish the law of primogeniture, to compel the equal division of estates, to give women the suffrage, and equality with men in the domestic relation, and so on, turning everything topsy-turvy; in a word, handing the country over to theorists and book-writers. The district was deemed so certain for the Liberals, that, though Westminster has two seats in Parliament, there was but one Conservative candidate, the lucky newspaper man Smith, who had some fifteen hundred majority, making it certain that another Conservative member could have been returned in the place of Captain Grosvenor, Liberal, all of which was known too late by scores of gentlemen, who would have gladly given £5,000 to have got a seat in Parliament for Westminster. My friend MacLean tells me a little story well illustrating a practice of the Bank of England, which, with advantage to the general public, might be adopted by the National Banks. Under very singular circumstances, he was robbed of a £10 note. Only two persons knew of his having placed the bill, within a quire of foolscap, in his table-drawer, and it was repugnant to his feelings to suspect either of them. The one was his intimate old chum, McGee, who was of good family, in an easy position of liberal salary, and about to sail for Canada, to be absent six months; the other was a long trusted servant of the house where they were lodging. Both, of these, had been known to conceal the money in the drawer, and it was not till three days subsequently did he discover its loss. His first impulse was to summon the servant; but, on reflection, he put off for his friend McGee, who, having learned of the disappearance of the bill, counseled MacLean to go at once to the Bank of England, and give notice of the number of the bill, which, luckily, he had kept, so that, if not already paid into the bank, on its presentation he would get word, and then discover the thief. It is a long-time practice in England for the person paying away a note of the Bank of England to write his name and residence on its back, by which the various holders are traced when it comes finally to bank. No bill is issued but once from the bank, and, being returned, is destroyed. All bills issued are, therefore, quite new and fresh, and it is the same if they should be out not more than an hour, as for a month or a year. The bank takes note of the party bringing the bill for gold, or deposit, so that a stolen bill may be traced at once; and where the bank has had notice, it will, when the bill is presented and paid—for it must inevitably be paid when presented—send word to the person who has lost it. At request of MacLean, his friend McGee accompanied him to the bank, and they were made glad on learning that the stolen bill had not been paid in, whence MacLean took heart, and they both went to their homes. Early next morning MacLean received a letter from the bank, informing him that his £10 note had been, two days before, paid in with a large amount—£30,000. Going at once to McGee, they proceeded to the bank, and learned that his note had come from Cunard & Co., the steamship agents. Going to the office of Cunard & Co., the managing clerk was able, by referring to his books, to tell them that the said £10 note had been received there from James McGee.

"Why, that is your name," said MacLean, turning to his friend, who, in great surprise, cried out: "James McGee! Yes, true; I did pay here for my passenger-ticket a ten-pound note. But I got it from the Jew, you know, to whom I sold those two watches and my uniform" (he had been an officer in the volunteers). "Come along," said MacLean; "let's go away and talk it over;" and they left the office, not a shadow of suspicion in the mind of one, or a word or act of guilt on the part of the other. Proceeding homeward, MacLean could see no other solution to the mystery than that the old and well-tried servant had stolen the bill, passed it to the old Jew, who had asked no questions in changing it, and he in turn had given it to McGee in purchase of the watches. Full of this theory, to his lodgings he went, fully resolved to charge the thief upon the next day; but the very sight of her honest, frank, smiling old face dispelled instantly every possible thought of her guilt, and sitting down, he was forced to turn his inquiries to his bosom-friend, McGee a thief! Steel a ten-pound note! A gentleman of education, and in an important position under the Government! Impossible! But while he was thus reflecting, the object of his thoughts entered, saying: "I am to sail to-morrow for Boston, and am going to run down in the country to my good-by to the women, and may not have time to run in here again. I say, now, MacLean, I don't quite like this ten-pound note affair. It was wrong, perhaps, for me to have taken it from the Jew, without his name and address, so I feel that I am to blame throughout; and now I say what I will do. I have some coupons falling due in three months. You have money that you do not need, and I require more than I have, to make me quite easy. Take the coupons, they will bring you twenty pounds in three months, and give me ten, and if, by the time I return from Canada, next year, you have found the Jew and recovered the lost bill, why then, give me the other ten; and should you never get it, you will owe me nothing, as I deserve to lose it for my carelessness."

MacLean said it was very liberal of him, gave him

ten pounds, and took the coupons, which were, indeed, worth all McGee had repented.

Thus they parted; and two days afterward, MacLean chancing to meet a tailor who had furnished the uniform to McGee and had not been paid for it, inquired how he had settled the matter.

"Oh, I had to take the uniform back, and he gave me two old watches in full payment of all!"

"But he sold them all to the Jew," said MacLean, before he reflected.

"Well, I don't deny what you say; but they are all at my place, brought there by McGee himself."

MacLean went at once to the police station, and, with the aid of a detective, was not long in finding the house of the Jew peddler and trader, who had often been at the house where he and McGee lodged; but he was sick in bed, and had been for many days, even before the day when the ten-pound note was stolen! It was a plain case by two witnesses that McGee had sold, and, as MacLean truly said, that vice is greater, and includes the lesser one of stealing.

In six months McGee returned from Canada, having surpassed in recovery all predecessors in that land of chess and adventures, and called on MacLean, who treated him very coolly; but nothing was ever said to him by McGee about the ten pounds due him from the coupons!

The Inauguration of Hon. John T. Hoffman as Governor of the State of New York.

At Albany, N. Y., the most important feature of New Year's Day was the inaugural ceremony installing Governor Hoffman as the Chief Magistrate of the State. The Governor and his staff were escorted to the State Capitol by the Ninth Brigade, consisting of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fifth Regiments, and a company of artillery. In spite of the severity of the weather, a large crowd was in attendance, and braved the driving snow and sharp west wind. At noon a national salute was fired, and a little before one o'clock the incoming and outgoing Governors, followed by their respective staffs, entered the Assembly Chamber. Governor Fenton, occupying the Clerk's desk, spoke as follows:

Governor Hoffman.—In welcoming you to the Chief Magistracy of the State, as it is alike my duty and my pleasure to do, I cheerfully transfer the symbols of its authority to your hands. I bid you welcome to the capital, not merely to the exalted station to which you have been chosen, but also to the friendly regard and generous hospitality of its citizens. In terminating my stay among them I cannot forbear to express my grateful appreciation of their uniform courtesy. I am sure that the kindness which they have invariably extended to me will be as freely continued to you, and will contribute greatly to the pleasure of your official residence in their midst. While offering you my best wishes upon your accession to the office of Governor, I speak from my own experience when I remind you that it is a position of arduous toil and unceasing care. To preserve and obey the essential requirements of public duty in the face of urgent appeals and individual hardships, will demand all your firmness and patience. If you are subject to criticism, you will but share the lot of all your predecessors. The trusts of the position are so difficult and delicate as to forbid the hope of entire escape from misrepresentation and censure. But might as may be the cares, the labors, and the responsibilities of the office, they are not without compensations; if the trials are severe, the rewards are the less signal and far more lasting. To him who holds the relation to the people which you now assume, the highest opportunities for usefulness are afforded, which, if improved, will enable him to secure to himself ample recompense for the preceptible and erroneous judgments of men. And for his own conscientious and faithful services, a population to be counted by millions, with interests vast in number and incalculable in value, whose enterprises extend in every direction, and cover every field of action and useful effort, with freedom of opinion that is nowhere else surpassed, necessarily constitutes a commonwealth so diversified for character and sentiment, that the chief magistrate who shall expect by his administration to satisfy all will not fail to be disappointed. He may not hope even for exemption from mistakes, but the merit which he longs to seal for the public good and integrity of the public service will sooner or later be discerned, and its requital will not come to him if he or to his name as long as the people are just and the memory of his good intentions survives. These considerations do not imply that the Executive can disregard his party obligations; but it is not too much to say that in the administration of public affairs a recognition of the general good and the foundation principle of equity and justice is not only the highest obligation, but includes all others. As the representative of the whole people, his own sense of responsibility for the permanent good and the ultimate, if not immediate support of a just public sentiment, unite to strengthen and enforce this sacred and comprehensive duty. In the effort to promote the general welfare, which I doubt not you will make, I invoke for your encouragement and support the prayers of all the people of the great Commonwealth, and the guidance of Him who is wise in all things.

Governor Hoffman replied as follows:

In receiving from you, Governor Fenton, in the presence of these our friends and fellow-citizens, the symbols of authority which belong to the high office, the duties and cares of which you lay aside, and which you to-day realize how burdensome that system of government is, which permits the transfer of so much power with so little ceremony. The simplicity which attends the act clothes it with additional dignity; and the kindness and good will you manifest, when surrendering to me the trust you have held so long, assures me that you forget, as I do, the asperities of a great political contest, the results of which, whether in the State or nation, the people cheerfully accept. The words with which you welcome me to the capital of the State are words of generous feeling, and impress me deeply. I am not a stranger to this city, nor to the hospitality of its citizens. Many who were known to me here in earlier life have been called away, leaving to the living the priceless legacy of an honorable name. I cherish their memories, and feel sure that those who have survived them will show to me the same courtesy and kindness which have been extended to you and to your predecessors. Looking back upon the long line of great men who have occupied the chair of state to which I have been called, whose presence seem yet to fill the Capitol in which we stand, and feeling the full weight of the responsibilities now assumed by me, I invoke the generous support of all the people, and the aid of Him who directs the destinies of men and of empires. Public life has its trials and rewards, its pains and its pleasures, its disappointments and hopes; but the true man, caring little for harsh judgments or unjust censure, will find his full recompense in the approval of his constituents, and in the consciousness of having performed the duty faithfully and well. The passions and prejudices of the hour are soon forgotten, but the record we make is for all time, and is entered upon the pages of history never to be erased. In the welcome you have given me you have wisely omitted all reference to the issues of the day, a discussion of which, by either of us here, would be a violation of the proprieties of the occasion. We cannot tell what the future may have in store for us. Let us indulge in the hope that a wise Providence will direct all things for the greatest good of our State and country, and that we may live to see them both attain a degree of peace and prosperity which has no parallel in their past history.

After the address of Governor Hoffman, the Lieutenant-Governor, Allen C. Beach, was sworn into office, the oath being administered by Judge Nelson, Secretary of State.

Subsequently the immense crowd called upon Governor Hoffman at the Executive Chamber, and upon Mr. Hoffman, at the Governor's residence, to exchange the compliments of the season. At 5:30 o'clock P. M., the retiring staff of Governor Fenton dined at the Delevan House with the staff of Governor Hoffman. Our engraving represents the scene in the Assembly Chamber during Governor Hoffman's address.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 277.



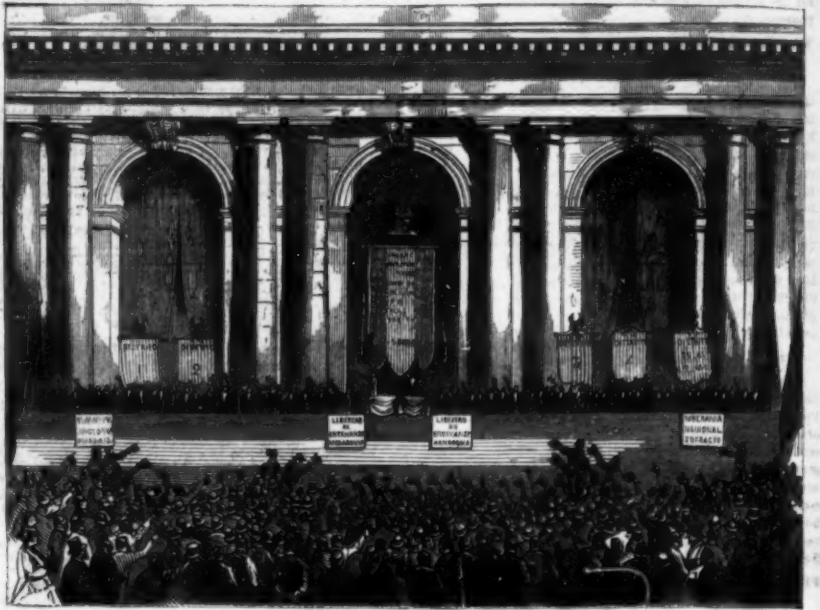
THE FRENCH COURT AT COMPIEGNE—THE ARBOR OF MARIE LOUISE.



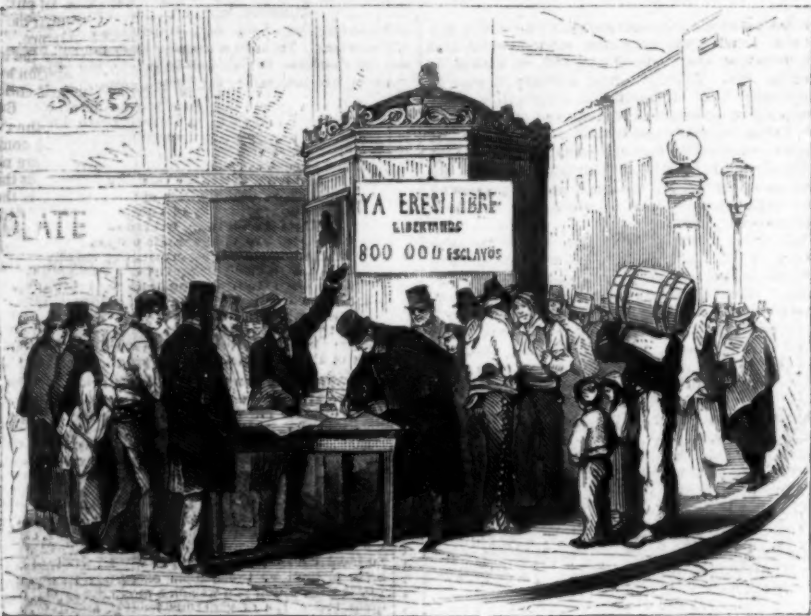
THE CHATEAU D'AUGERVILLE, FRANCE—RESIDENCE OF THE LATE ANTOINE PIERRE DEBYER.



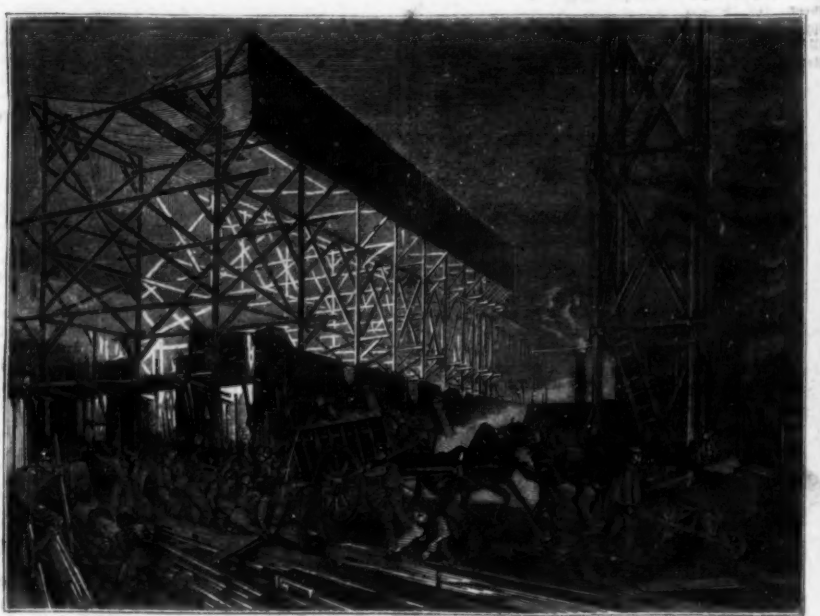
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF A FEDERAL REPUBLIC, AT BARCELONA, PLAZA DE LA CATALONA.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF A MONARCHY, AT BARCELONA, FRONTING THE PALACE.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—SIGNING THE PETITION FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY, FUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW "MONITEUR" BUILDING, PARIS, BY NIGHT, BY THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC LIGHT.



THE IMPERIAL BRIDGE DE LA PENTALE, BREST, FRANCE.



THE WAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER, INDIA—THE VILLAGE AND FORT OF DILBOREL.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The French Court at Compiègne.

We have given several illustrations of the gay scenes at Compiègne during the séjour there of the Imperial Court. The object of our engraving in this number is to show a very pretty spot in that now famous locality, called the Arbor of Marie Louise. It seems that Imperial cares do not destroy the tastes for the picturesque, but that emperors and their companions can still appreciate the beautiful in nature and in art.

The Revolution in Spain.

Our engravings, illustrating the events consequent upon the Revolution in Spain, exhibit three very important phases of popular sentiment identified with that remarkable political achievement. The singular spectacle is presented to us of a people, but a few months ago dumb and listless in the shackles of despotism, now openly assembling in enthusiastic utterance of their sentiments upon the paramount question, under what form of government shall they live? But still more significant, perhaps, is the picture that shows us the signing of the petition for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish possessions.

The Imperial Bridge de la Penfeld, Brest, France.

The magnificent metallurgic structure, the finest monument of the city of Brest, is one of the most remarkable bridges in Europe. Commenced toward the close of 1856, under the direction of M. de Carcade, the work was suspended for some months by the difficulty of finding a rock foundation on the right shore, and it was only in 1861 that the bridge was completed. A suspension bridge, in that locality, could only have been constructed at an immense height, and, to obviate the difficulty, the revolving bridge was planned, and has fully answered the expectations of the inventors.

The Chateau d'Angerville.

In our last issue, in connection with our sketch of the life of the late Antoine Pierre Berryer, the celebrated French orator and lawyer, we incidentally described his residence, the Chateau d'Angerville. We now give a picture of that venerable structure, which may be justly considered a type of the old mansion-houses that abound in France, and are associated with the domestic history of the noblesse of the ancien régime.

The War on the Punjab Frontier—The Village and Fort of Dilboree.

The conflicts in the province of Huzars, a valley in the Himalayas, on the north-west side of the Punjab river, between the British troops and the hostile natives, appears to be virtually at an end; and it is not at all likely that the insurrectionary chiefs will again interfere with the machinery of the Government. The vil-



HON. THOMAS W. CLARKE, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.

establishment representing so great an enterprise, when everything was to be created, even to the edifice itself? Mr. Wittersheim was not frightened at this. He immediately appropriated a capital of two million francs, and commenced operations at the locality we have mentioned, and at the present time the immense building is nearly completed.

The Tabernacle Baptist Church, Utica, N. Y.

THE Tabernacle Baptist Church, recently completed in Utica, N. Y., stands on the crest of the city, and is regarded as one of the most unique churches in the central part of the State. It is constructed of brown-stone, on a lot measuring 74 by 120 feet, and is pleasantly surrounded by attractive foliage.

Dr. Alfred S. Patton, of Utica, was born in Suffolk, England; was brought to this country when a child of a few months, and was educated at Columbia College, D. C., and Madison University, N. Y. He received his master's degree from the former, and his doctorate from the latter. After graduating, he spent some months in Europe.

He was first settled as pastor in Westchester, Pa., afterward in Haddonfield, N. J., then served for five years the First Church of Hoboken, N. J.

In 1859 he removed to Massachusetts, and while pastor at Watertown, was also chaplain of the State Senate for 1862 and 1863.

In 1864 he accepted a call from the old Broad Street Baptist Church, Utica, and at once entered upon the enterprise of building a new church up-town. In this

undertaking he was very successful; a fine edifice, in a desirable locality, was soon after erected, which is at once attractive and commodious, and, we believe, is free from debt. There has been a steady increase in membership, both of church and congregation, and a corresponding development of the powers of usefulness.

Dr. Patton is a ready speaker and good preacher; his sermons evince scholarship and study. The themes of his discourses are timely and spiritually conceived. He is an excellent pastor, and safe leader, possessing sound judgment and tact, to which may be added superior social qualities.

While active in the pastorate, Dr. Patton has been industrious with the pen. The following are some of the works he has published: "Kincaid, the Hero Missionary," "The Losing and Taking of Man Soul; or, Lectures on the Holy War," "Light in the Valley," "Live for Jesus," "My Joy and My Crown," with several smaller works, published by the American Tract Society, and the American Baptist Publishing Society. Besides these, two articles in the *Christian Review*, on "The Influence of Physical Debility on Religious Experience," and "Dreams; their Nature and Uses." Also, one in the *Boston Review*, on "Liberal Religion," and another in the *Congregational Review*, on "The Temptation;" and every now and then we find something from A. S. P. in the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* of New York.

The doctor is in the prime of life, in his forty-third year, full of work and usefulness in a cause he loves, and for the upbuilding of which he hopes to devote the time yet remaining, ere the Master's voice shall summon him from labor unto rest.



DR. ALFRED S. PATTON, PASTOR OF THE TABERNALE BAPTIST CHURCH.

lage of Dilboree, of which we give an illustration, situated about two miles from Oghes, in the Agorre valley, was first held by a detachment of British soldiers; but they were exposed to constant attacks from the enemy, coming down from the mountain called the Khoond Gully, so that Dilboree was at length evacuated and burnt, for want of a sufficient force to hold out. The troops on the left hand, and close to the village, are those of a friendly native chief, the Khan of Umb, who rendered signal service to the British troops.

House-building by Night, by the Magneto-Electric Light—Construction of the New "Moniteur" Office, Paris, France.

On the Quai Voltaire, fronting the Royal Bridge, almost at the angle of the Rue de Bac, in Paris, the construction of the new *Moniteur* building is being carried on. Here, by means of the electric light, the work progresses, without a single moment's interruption. On the 14th of November Mr. Wittersheim obtained the contract for the enterprise of the new *Moniteur*, the contract of the society that for sixteen years has been printing this official journal having come to an end; and the concession of the new privilege was put into competition, and obtained by Mr. Wittersheim. The latter clearly bought his victory; he succeeded over his competitor only by offering to place every day at the disposition of the Minister 55,000 copies of the *Evening Moniteur*, besides the number already exacted. But this was not all; the contract required to be fulfilled on the 1st of January, 1869, at which date the old contract expires. How to find in three months the material necessary for this enormous distribution of the official journal—how improvise the immense



HEADQUARTERS OF COMMODORE PERRY, AT ERIE, PA., DURING THE SERIES OF NAVAL OPERATIONS ON LAKE ERIE, WAR OF 1812.

The Headquarters of Commodore Perry, Erie, Pennsylvania, War of 1812.

At the corner of French and Third streets, in the town of Erie, Pennsylvania, stands an old and dilapidated building, famous as having been the headquarters of Commodore Perry while the fleet was being built with which he won his memorable victory of Lake Erie. The British officers captured at that battle were held for a short time as prisoners of war in the same house. Upon the conclusion of hostilities, the flagship *St. Lawrence*, and one or two other vessels, were sunk in Misery Bay, opposite the town, for the purpose of preservation. The vessels were never raised, and on a clear day they can be distinctly seen at the bottom of the bay.

Our engraving represents the present appearance of the venerable structure that served as the commodore's headquarters.

Hon. Thomas W. Clarke, Justice of the New York Supreme Court.

JUDGE CLARKE is a native of Ireland, but removed to this city at an early age, and has ever since continued to reside here. He is now about sixty-five years of age.

Soon after entering upon the practice of his profession, he became well-known as an industrious and careful practitioner in Chancery, and in the more quiet branches of the law, which scarcely ever attracted the notice of the general public. Being of a studious turn of mind, he devoted himself to the preparation of several valuable works on legal subjects, among them a very full digest of the New York State Reports.

In 1833 he was elected to the Bench of the Supreme Court, and his course during his term of eight years was so eminently satisfactory to the community, that, in 1861, he received the nomination for the same office from all the political parties, and was unanimously re-elected.

Since he has been on the Bench, Judge Clarke has generally been found either holding Special Term for the trial of Equity cases, or in the Court in *bank*, where the Judges sit in review of the decisions of the Court below. He has also been twice a member of the Court of Appeals of the State. In discharging those duties, he has exhibited the most thorough impartiality, united with very decided ability. Without detracting at all from his great merits as a sound jurist, we may mention one of the most striking points in his character—his perfect amiability of disposition, exhibited in the very courteous and gentlemanly manner in which he treats all who have business with him. In his appearance

and conduct he is the very embodiment of dignity and courtesy. He is in no respect a sensational Judge, and is therefore not so well-known to the public as some of his associates; yet, by the profession, as well



THE TABERNALE BAPTIST CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.

as by all the suitors who have come before him, he is thoroughly trusted and highly esteemed.

BAYAMO, CUBA.

The struggle for independence in which the Cubans are now engaged invests with extraordinary interest the prominent cities and towns of that beautiful island, and especially those that are closely identified with the movements of the contending parties. The locality to which, at present, the most importance attaches, is Bayamo, the headquarters of the revolutionists, and, in fact, the capital of the new Government administered by Señor Cespedes. The indications of a proposed attack upon this place by the Spanish forces gives additional features of interest to the locality.

Bayamo, or San Salvador, is a town in the eastern part of Cuba, sixty miles northwest of Santiago, near the Cauto, a small stream that falls into the bay called the Canal of Bayamo. It has a population of about fourteen thousand, though, probably, the number has been swelled by the influx of patriots to their center of operations. Our engraving is a very faithful representation of the town and its environs, the view being taken from the west bank of the river, looking east, with the range of mountains in the background.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "But, as you are a man of science, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

DISENCHANTED.

I know not what it was—a look.
A word, perhaps, I scarce can say—
Her manner when she flung the book
Aside in her imperious way.

The book she wished for, and I brought,
The last new novel, "Lady Lisle;"
She turned the pages quick as thought,
And flung it by with her cold smile.

Perhaps it was the way she tore
The petals of the fair, frail flower,
The one white rosebud that she wore
Twined with her hair in that last hour.

In that last hour, while yet in me
No change had wrought with unseen art;
While yet I owned Love's sway, and she
Was throned a queen within my heart;

While yet the very bud she tore,
With cruel fingers slight and fair,
I held in reverence all the more
For being twined with her dark hair.

Say you, sweet friend, if love be true,
It cannot change? Ah, who may tell
The truth from falsehood? I leave to you
Your faith—it fits a woman well.

But by an inward sense I know
I loved her—do you deem it strange?
You answer: "If 'twere really so,
How could so slight a thing work change?"

I know not; yet the very sound
Of her faint footfall thrilled me through;
Beneath her tread the common ground
To something almost sacred grew.

A boy's love? Well, it may have been;
Youth were not youth itself without;
There was the trust of boyhood then,
Which now is turned to cold, hard doubt.

And she was something more than fair—
The large, dark eyes; the lips rich red;
The massive wealth of raven hair
That crowned her proud and queenly head!

Ah, could I change the poet's pen
For painter's pencil, I would trace
With true lines and colors then
The clear perfection of her face.

For words at best are vain and weak;
The art that reaches on through time
To make the senseless canvas speak,
I envy more than that of rhyme.

And so we meet: a careless glance,
A few cold words of narrow range;
And sometimes in the mazy dance
We pass each other mute and strange.

All else with us is past: to me
It matters not what might have been;
I loved, but now I am heart-free,
With just, perhaps, a touch of spleen.

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

VL (CONTINUED).

In two crosses which he retained were those of the Order of the Guelphs, and of the Order of Ernest Augustus.

Then, in order to cross the little garden which the carriage had not entered, and mount the steps, he leaned on the arm of a young man who seemed to be his son.

The latter, very lank and thin, might be about one-and-twenty, and wore the uniform of the Hussars of the Guard; that is to say, a blue tunic with silver frogs, and on his head a little military foraging cap.

Kaulbach hastened to open the studio-door for them, and pressed aside to allow them to pass. Benedict, as he bowed before them, recognized two of the originals of the portrait-picture which Kaulbach was retouching.

He cast a rapid glance over the portrait of the general. They had not been able to take away his star, so that Benedict recognized, in that decoration, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. George, which sovereigns only have the right to wear.

A ray of light illuminated his mind. This general who came to pay a friendly visit to Kaulbach, was King George; this young man on whom his blind father leaned, was the hereditary prince.

Benedict had no fancy to break, like a courtier, through this *incognito*, which permitted him to see, near at hand, one of the most learned, most artistic, and most distinguished sovereigns in Germany.

"My lords," said Kaulbach, addressing the two officers, "I have the honor to present to you one of my *complices*, already illustrious, though still quite young. He has been warmly recommended to me by the Director of the French School of Art, and I hasten to add that he recommends himself extremely well by himself."

The general made a motion with his head, in the style of a gracious salute; the young man raised his cap. Then a whim took the king.

"Monsieur," said he to Benedict, in English, "I regret that I speak French and German so ill, because my friend Kaulbach assures me that you speak pure Saxon, like Leibnitz; but I understand them both well enough, and my son also, for you to speak, at your choice, either one or the other of the two languages which are familiar to you."

"My lord will excuse me," said Benedict, in excellent English; "but I think I speak English intelligibly enough to make myself understood in that tongue."

"I believe you!" cried King George; "you speak as if it were your own."

"I am too great an admirer of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Byron," replied Benedict, bowing, "not to make some effort to read them in their own tongue."

The conversation was carried on in English, which Kaulbach spoke fluently enough, and unrestrained by the rules of royal etiquette.

The king, satisfied that he had not been recognized, gave himself up to his artistic impulses. He talked painting much better than certain critics who have retained their eyesight. He talked literature, deplored the decay of the drama in Germany, and expressed his astonishment at that dramatic fertility by means of which Paris supplies the whole world.

While he was talking, Kaulbach was retouching, as he had said, certain portions of the picture, which he contented himself with depriving of part of their finish.

The most remarkable thing about the king was the admirable address with which he concealed his infirmity. Instead of turning his ear, as blind men usually do, in the direction whence the sound came, he looked his interlocutor in the face, as if he could see him. Knowing that the artist had made a campaign in China, and that he had traveled in India, Abyssinia and Russia, in the Caucasus, and in Persia, he overwhelmed him with questions, which flattered Benedict all the more, because these questions were put by an intellect of superior order, and only an intellect of superior order could reply to them.

The young prince, on his side an enthusiastic sportsman, but who had never hunted any but the animals of Europe, nor ever had more formidable adversaries than the stag and the wild boar—the young prince was panting at the recital of these panther, tiger, lion and elephant hunts. And when Benedict offered to show him a series of sketches of his voyage in India, his appeal to his father was a veritable supplication.

The king yielded to his son's desire.

"But when, and how?" asked the young prince.

"At your own house," replied the king. "Invite your good friend Kaulbach to join Monsieur Benedict at breakfast. And if they will both do you the honor of accepting—"

"Oh, to-morrow, gentlemen, to-morrow!" cried the young prince, overjoyed.

Benedict looked at Kaulbach in some embarrassment.

"To-morrow," he said, "I fear I shall have a little too much work on hand."

"Have you any portraits commenced?" asked the young prince. "I only arrived yesterday."

"Yes," said Kaulbach; "but my dear *compère*, who is a very hot-headed fellow, has already had time to write, in the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanovre*, a letter, which is on its way to Berlin."

"What! That letter which I read to my father, and which I found so amusing, is yours, monsieur?"

"Why, good heavens, yes, it is mine."

"But you are going to have no end of affairs."

"I count upon three. The number 'three' pleases the gods."

"But if you should be killed or wounded?"

"If I am killed, I ask your permission, monsieur, to bequeath my my album. If I should be dangerously wounded, Monsieur Kaulbach will take upon himself to show it to you in my stead. And, finally, if I only receive a scratch, I will bring it to you myself. But reassure yourself, my lord; since you are kind enough to take some interest in me, I can assure you that nothing at all will happen to me."

"But how do you know that?"

"Do you know monsieur's name?" asked Kaulbach of the prince royal.

"Why, Benedict Turpin, I believe," answered the prince.

"Well, then, he descends in a direct line from the enchanter Turpin, the uncle of Charlemagne, and he exercises, in *partibus*, the avocation of his ancestor."

"Ah! good heavens!" said the young prince, inquiringly, "are you, by chance, a spiritualist or a physician?"

"No, I have not that honor. I only amuse myself by reading the past, present, and a little of the future, in the hands."

"Before your arrival, my dear *compère*—in painting, be it understood," said Kaulbach, "was deploring not having had an opportunity of seeing the hand of the King of Prussia. He would have told us, in advance, the results of the war. My lord," added the speaker, with pointed emphasis on the title, "could not one find somewhere a royal hand to give to monsieur?"

"Oh, yes," said the king, smiling, "nothing easier. But it would require a true king, or a veritable emperor—an emperor like him of China, who has one hundred and fifty millions of subjects, or like the Emperor Alexander, whose kingdom covered the fourth part of the world. Is not that your opinion, Monsieur Turpin?"

"My opinion, sire," answered Benedict, bowing profoundly before George V., "is, that it is not great kingdoms which make great kings: Theseus produced Achilles, and Macedon, Alexander."

Thereupon, with a still more profound bow, he went out.

VII.—THE CHALLENGE.

WHAT Benedict had foreseen, happened. The next morning, just as he awoke, Lenhart, who served him as *valet-de-chambre*, handed him, on a fine silver salver, loaned for that purpose, by Stephan, three visiting-cards, or, rather, two visiting-cards and a scrap of paper.

Each card bore a printed name. The scrap of paper bore a name written in pencil.

The names written on the two cards were those of Major Frederick de Below, and Monsieur Georges Kleist, editor of the *Kreuzzeitung*. The name written in pencil, on the paper, was that of Franz Muller, journeyman cabinetmaker. Benedict had as complete a sample of Prussian

society as he could have desired. An officer, a journalist, and an artisan.

He sprang to the foot of his bed, inquired where these gentlemen were lodging, learned that they were all three staying at the same hotel as himself, and ordered Lenhart to run to Colonel Anderson's, and ask him to come to him at once.

The colonel, suspecting the cause of the urgent appeal made to him, ran over immediately.

Benedict handed him the two cards and the scrap of paper, in the order in which they had been handed him, and begged him to follow the same etiquette in his visits, and in the arrangement of the preliminaries: that is to say, to commence with Major Below, to pass from him to Monsieur Georges Kleist, and to finish off with Franz Muller. Colonel Anderson was to accept any conditions which might be proposed to him, as to arms, time and place. He set out with these instructions, which rendered his mission very easy. He had wished to discuss the matter; but Benedict, placing his hand on his shoulder, said: "It shall be thus, or it shall not be at all."

At the end of half an hour Colonel Anderson returned. Everything was arranged.

Major Frederick had chosen the sabre. Only, charged with a pressing mission to Frankfurt, and having diverged from his route to do honor to the challenge of Monsieur Benedict Turpin, he begged the latter to fix the earliest possible hour for the encounter which he was to have with him.

"Why, I will meet him immediately," said Benedict, laughing; "that is the least that I can do to accommodate a gentleman who has gone out of his way to meet me."

"No; provided he can set out again this evening, it is all that he requires."

"But," said Benedict, "I don't answer for his setting out at all, even though he should fight during the course of the day."

"That would be unfortunate," said the colonel; "Major Below is a real gentleman. It seems that three Prussian officers came to your assistance down yonder, and saved you from the populace, on condition that you shouted 'Long live William I. Long live Prussia!'"

"Pardon me; there was no condition."

"On your part, yes; but they had taken the engagement for you."

"I did not prevent them from crying out 'Long live William I. Long live Prussia!' as much as they liked."

"No; but you, instead of executing the condition—"

"I recited to them one of the prettiest pieces of poetry that Alfred de Musset ever wrote; what have they to say about it?"

"They have to say, that you made them ridiculous."

"Oh! as for that, I admit it."

"And that, then, on reading your letter, they decided that one of them should come to demand satisfaction of you, and that the two others should serve as seconds to him on whom the lot should fall. They put their three names in a kepi, and that of Monsieur Frederick de Below was drawn. Shortly afterward he was sent for by the Minister of War, to be charged with a mission. It was an order for the Prussian troops in garrison at Frankfurt to evacuate the city. His two friends offered, then, the mission being pressing, to take his place with you, but he refused, saying that, as they were his seconds, if he should be killed or dangerously wounded, he would charge one of the two with the dispatches, which would thus be delayed only a few hours. I have therefore arranged with the seconds of Monsieur Frederick de Below, that the meeting shall take place to-day, at one o'clock."

"Very well; and the others?"

"Monsieur Georges Kleist is a gentleman who is neither well nor ill; he has the air of their German publicists. He has chosen the pistol, and has asked to fight at close quarters, because of his defective vision. I will bound it is excellent. But, in fact, he wears spectacles. I consented that you should be placed at forty-five paces."

"What! forty-five paces? Why, that is polygonal!"

"Wait a bit; I have agreed that each one should have the right to advance fifteen paces, which will place your last distance at fifteen paces. A discussion then ensued, his seconds alleging that, as he was the challenged party, he had the right to fire first."

"I hope you granted that to him?"

"By no means. I maintained that you ought at least to fire together upon a signal. You must decide that question. I consider it too grave to cover it on my own responsibility."

"It is already decided; he shall fire first, *pardieu*! But you should have made an appointment with him for one o'clock—we would have killed two birds with one stone."

"That is arranged as you wish."

"Bravo!"

"At one o'clock with Monsieur de Below, with the sword; at a quarter-past one with Monsieur Georges Kleist, with the pistol; at half-past two with Monsieur Franz Muller—"

The colonel hesitated.

"Well, at half-past two, with Monsieur Franz Muller, with what?"

"You are perfectly free to refuse, you know."

"With what?"

"In England, it might do—it has passed into a custom."

"Well, with what?"

"With the fists. He said he was a workman, that he did not know how to handle any weapon except that which nature had given him to attack and to defend himself with; and, besides, that you had not disdained to make use of those arms upon him, since, by means of a back trip, you sent him rolling for ten paces."

"In fact, poor devil," said Benedict, laughing, "I recollect; a short, stout, fair-complexioned man, is he not?"

"That is the very one I made out."

"I am at his disposal, as of the others. So, my dear colonel, while I order breakfast, go, I beg you, and say to Monsieur Kleist, that he shall fire first; and to Monsieur Muller, that we will fight with the arms nature has given us, that is to say, with our fists."

Colonel Anderson was already at the door, when Benedict called him back.

"It is understood," he said, "that I do not provide myself with any weapons. I will fight with the swords and pistols my adversaries bring."

"Very well," said the colonel, and he went out.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Benedict summoned Master Stephan, and ordered breakfast. Ten minutes afterward the colonel entered.

"All right!" said he. That signified everything was settled.

"To table, then," said Benedict. There was no longer anything to be discussed.

Twelve o'clock struck.

"Take care we are not behindhand, colonel," said Benedict.

"No; it is only a quarter of a league from here to where we are going to fight—in a charming place, as you will see. Have localities much influence on you?"

"I would rather fight on turf than on plowed land."

"We are going to Ellenriede; it is the Bois de Boulogne of Hanover. In the middle of the wood there is a little clearing, with a spring, which seems made for those sorts of encounters. They call it Hanebut's Block; you will see."

"Are you familiar with the spot?" inquired Benedict.

"I have been there twice on my own account, and three or four times on account of others."

Lenhart entered.

"The carriage is ready," said he.

"Have you inquired for another second?"

"These gentlemen are five in number; one of them will serve me."

"And if they refuse?"

"Oh!"

"If they refuse?"

"Oh! you will be sufficient for me, colonel; and as they are in a hurry to finish the matter, one way or another, we will finish it."

Lenhart waited at the door with his carriage. The colonel explained to him the road he was to follow.

Half an hour afterward they arrived at the clearing. They were ten minutes ahead of time.

"Charming place!" said Benedict. "Since these gentlemen have not arrived, I will make a sketch of it."

He drew a sketch-book from his pocket, and, with remarkable skill and rapidity, took as complete a sketch as possible of the locality.

"And you say this charming place is named Hanebut's Block, on account of that rock?"

Two carriages made their appearance.

"Ah!" said the colonel, "here comes your adversary."

Benedict uncovered.

The three Prussian officers, the journalist, and a surgeon from the town, called in by precaution, were in the same carriage. But the fellowship of the Tugen-Bund (League of Virtue) had not gone so far as to permit them to receive the workman Muller into their company. The poor devil arrived in a separate carriage.

Benedict recognized the three Prussian officers, while yet some distance off, as those who had, in fact, come to aid him on the Linden Promenade, and, among them, his adversary, wearing the uniform of an officer of the Body-guard.

He wore a gilded casque, surmounted by an eagle with spread wings, silver epaulettes, a white tunic with blood-colored trimming, close-fitting white pantaloons, and long boots. The two others, who belonged to the infantry of the Guard, wore the black and gold helmet with white horse-hair, blue tunic with red trimming, shoulder-straps, silver belt, and white pantaloons.

Monsieur Georges Kleist was dressed entirely in black; there was no white spot on his whole person which could serve as a point of aim. He was tall, thin and fair, and wore heavy mustaches and spectacles.

Franz Muller was a simple workman; stout, fair, and short, as Benedict had said, who, to do honor to his adversary, and, perhaps, to himself also, had put on his Sunday costume—a blue coat with gilt buttons, white vest and pantaloons, and puffed cravat.

As for Benedict, his fancy costume was of an elegance which seemed made for the occasion. He wore on his head a Van Dyke felt hat, soft, and with wide brim, ornamented with a gray loop and little tassels of the same color as the felt; a tunic of black silk velvet, with a collar fastening over on his shoulders. A black ribbon, about a finger-breadth wide, served him as a cravat, and set off his neck, young and nervous as that of Pollex. He had put on pantaloons of white canvas, and a shirt of cambric, so fine that, when he took off his tunic, his body could be seen through the tissue. On his feet he had low-quartered slippers and stockings of raw silk.

The gentlemen descended from their carriage twenty paces from the clearing, and responded courteously to the salute of the colonel and their adversary.

The colonel advanced toward them, and explained that Benedict, knowing no one at Berlin, had no other second than himself, and asked one of these gentlemen to act with him—that is to say, on the side of Benedict.

The gentlemen consulted a moment; one of the officers detached himself from the group, walked up to Benedict and saluted him.

"I thank you for your courtesy, monsieur," said Benedict.

"We are entirely ready, monsieur," answered the Prussian, "so that the combat can take place without delay."

It was Benedict who saluted in his turn, but biting his lips.

"Colonel," he said, in English, to Anderson, "examine the arms, and don't make these gentlemen wait."

While this was being done, Major Frederick took off his tunic, helmet, cravat, and waistcoat, and Benedict was enabled to examine him attentively. He was a man thirty-two or thirty-four years of age, accustomed to a uniform, and he would have been very ill at ease under any other dress than a military one. He was dark-complexioned, with short, black, shining hair, which stuck to his temples; eyes full of courage, loyalty and frankness; nose straight, and well-made; mustache black; chin sharply defined.

If Benedict had been able to examine his hand, he would have seen, on the Mount of Saturn, that is to say, at the base of the middle finger, that fatal star which presages a violent death.

As it was the major who had the sabres, the choice of them was offered to Benedict, who took at hazard the one nearest to him.

Only, as soon as he had it in his right hand, he tried the edge with the left, and touched the point. The edge was as keen as that of a razor; the point sharp as a needle.

The major's second saw Benedict's double movement, and taking Colonel Anderson aside, "Colonel," said he to him, "you will be so good as to explain to Monsieur Benedict that it is not customary in Germany to use the point in duels, but only the edge."

Anderson walked to Benedict and repeated to him the observation just addressed to him.

"The d—l!" said Benedict; "you do well to tell me that. In France, where our duels, and especially among military men, are almost always serious, we make use of everything, and the game of sabre is called the game of counterpoint."

"No! no!" said the Prussian major; "use your sabre as you understand it, monsieur."

Benedict saluted.

VIII.—THE COUP DE MANCHETTE.

THE Germans—and it is the harmless duels of the Universities which have consecrated this usage—do not use the point; their blows are ordinarily directed at the head, which is always covered with a felt hat, proof against the blade, and still more at the face. The forearm and the wrist in all these University duels are usually rendered invulnerable by a thick silk handkerchief wrapped around them. But the arm is the objective point of the thrusts.

The weapons brought by the seconds were those which officers of the army use in fighting with the students, the only civilians to whom they cannot refuse satisfaction.

Everywhere else the noble may refuse a duel proposed to him by a citizen.

These sabres are called rapiers, and the hilt is completely surrounded by an iron basket, in all respects similar to those of the Scottish claymores. The blade is equally straight, but much smaller and a little longer, somewhat flexible, and sharp as a razor.

The students have two methods of guarding in a duel. The one with the point low, in prime, and so they parry in prime and second, and have their face protected by the iron basket. The blows are given, either under the guard of the adversary's arm, or by whirling the sword from second to prime. The other resembles the French guard—in carte, but nevertheless, somewhat in tierce; higher, however, than our own, because, as I have said, they have not to parry blows aimed at the lower part of the belly and the thighs, these blows, moreover, being warded off by the swords of the seconds.

There is also this difference between the German play and our own, that the contestants on the other side of the Rhine deliver their cuts without moving their hands, only with the exterior of the sabre, and not with the edge. In this manner the point alone of the weapon swings with a certain rapidity, whilst the breast is covered by the guard of the sabre, which forms the basket.

The officer, having regard to the thrusts with which he was menaced, took this second position.

Benedict took his position carefully. He was acquainted with the German style of fencing, the usages of which he had observed during his studies at Heidelberg, where he had fought seven or eight duels. This sabre, the weight of whose basket-hilt rendered the blade all the lighter, did not displease him.

In Germany, the insulted party strikes the first blow. The challenge may be regarded as an insult. Benedict therefore waited.

"Go on, gentlemen," said the colonel.

The first blow was then struck by the major, with a swiftness rivaling a flash. But, quickly as it was struck, the blow fell upon empty air. Forewarned by that instinct of the sword, which practice in fencing gives in so complete a manner, Benedict leaped three paces aside as soon as his adversary's blade had quitted his own, and there he remained uncovered, his point lowered, his mocking smile disclosing a beautiful set of teeth.

The major remained for an instant astounded. The German wheeled in his tracks, but did not advance.

However, as the major was thoroughly resolved on making a serious combat out of his duel, he advanced a step; the point of Benedict's sabre immediately rose up menacingly before him, and he involuntarily recoiled.

Benedict then riveted his look upon that of his adversary, turned upon him, bending now to the right, and now to the left, but always with the sword low, and ready to thrust.

The major felt himself magnetized in spite of himself. He tried to conquer this influence, and made a step resolutely forward, his sabre raised. At the same instant he felt the cold of the steel. Benedict had made a thrust, and the point of his sabre pierced the shirt and reappeared on the other side. One would have believed that the sword had pierced through and through if the major had not remained upright and motionless

before his adversary, who was already three paces off. The seconds ran up.

"It is nothing," said the major to them.

Then, as he perceived that Benedict had only wished to pierce his shirt—

"Come, sir," said he, "let us continue the combat, and seriously."

"Eh! monsieur!" said Benedict, "if I had thrust seriously, you see clearly that you would be a dead man."

"On guard, monsieur!" said the major, furious, "and don't forget that it is to kill, or to be killed, that I fight."

Benedict retreated a step, and saluted with his sword. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said; "you see the misfortune which has just happened to me. Although thoroughly resolved not to make use of the point, I have just made two holes in monsieur's shirt. My hand might continue to refuse to obey my will. I don't go into any country to raise a revolt against its customs—especially when they are philanthropic."

Then, walking up to the rock which gave its name to the clearing, he introduced the point of his sabre into a crevice in the stone, and broke off about an inch of it.

The major wished to imitate him.

"It is useless, monsieur," said Benedict to him; "you don't make use of the point."

Benedict, reduced to the game of simple sabre, crossed his blade with that of his adversary—which could only be done when quite close—quitting it, however, every now and then, in order to retreat half a pace, so that, thanks to his coming and going, the major's sword flew about in the empty air. Finally, becoming impatient, he wished to reach further, and made a cut. His weapon, not being sustained, lowered itself, and involuntarily presented the point.

Benedict parried in a second, and, in return, pressing his sabre against his adversary's breast, "You see," he said to him, "that I was right to break the point of the rapier; but for that, your shirt would have been pierced through and through, and your body with it."

The major made no answer, but gathered himself up quickly, and resumed his guard. He had before him a skillful fencer, sure of his blows, master of himself, and uniting to French vivacity the coolness of a determined man, who knows his powers.

This time Benedict, seeing that the matter must be brought to a conclusion, remained in his place, calm but menacing, his brow frowning, his eyes fixed, making no movement of his blade, always keeping himself half bent within his guard. He seemed now decided to wait, but, as if everything he did was to be unexpected, suddenly he bounded forward without preparation, without warning, like a jaguar, made a feint at the head, and traced, under his adversary's arm, brought abruptly to the parade, a line which furrowed his breast. Then he made good his retreat by a single bound, letting his sabre fall out of line into its first position.

The shirt, cut as with a razor, was stained with blood. The seconds made a movement.

"Don't disturb yourselves," cried the major; "it is nothing—a simple scratch of the iron. I cannot deny that monsieur has a gentle hand," and he resumed his guard.

But he held his position hesitatingly in spite of his courage. This agility stupefied him; he felt instinctively that he was incurring very great danger. Evidently his adversary was preserving his distance beyond the reach of his sabre, waiting until his enemy should expose himself by advancing upon him. The major comprehended that his adversary had amused himself up to that time, and that the duel was drawing to a close, and that the slightest fault he should commit would be cruelly punished. His embarrassed sabre, which did not find the habitual support of his adversary's blade, became without intention, and lost its intelligence in his hand.

All his ideas about fencing had been turned topsy-turvy. This blade which he could not succeed in reaching, and which rose up suddenly before him, intelligent and skillful, practiced in this kind of strife, paralyzed his audacity. He could trust nothing to chance in the presence of this enemy, always out of reach, so impassable and so prompt, who evidently wished to finish, like an artist as he was, with some fine pass, or, which was not probable, he wished to fall, like an ancient gladiator, in a noble attitude.

But exasperated at the sight of that elegant development of body, that guard at once coquettish and graceful, that mocking smile on the lip, the major felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and he could not help grinding out these words between his teeth: "*Der ist der Teufel!*" (He is the devil!)

Then, no longer fearing the point of the rapier, since it was broken, he bounded forward, and raising his arm, dealt a sweeping blow of the sabre at Benedict, committing the fault of allowing his body to follow the impetus of his arm. Such a sabre-stroke, unavowed or unparried, would have split a skull, as one might an apple. But this time, again, the steel encountered nothing but empty air. Benedict's body had got out of the way by a slight, elegant bound, well known to the French fencing-masters. At the same instant something blazed out like a flash, and the major's arm, bleeding throughout its entire length, fell lifeless along his body. His hand dropped the sabre, which, only held by the sword-knot, hung perpendicularly to the ground.

His seconds rushed toward the major, who, although turning pale, bowed to his adversary, and, with a smile on his lips, said: "I thank you, monsieur. The first time, you could have run me through and through, and you only pierced my shirt; the second time, you could have cut me in two, and you let me off with a razor-stroke; the third time, you could, at your choice, have cut off either my head or my arm, and I got off with a '*coup de manchette*.' Now it remains for you to

tell me, monsieur, in order to complete the courtesy, from what motive you spared me."

"Monsieur," answered Benedict with a smile, when I was at the house of Monsieur Felner, Burgomaster of Frankfurt, I was presented to his goddaughter, a charming woman, and who adores her husband. Her name is Madame the Baroness de Below. I thought, on receiving your card, that she was perhaps a relative of yours, and although, beautiful as she is, mourning would be very becoming to her, I did not desire that she should owe to me this addition to her beauty."

The major looked Benedict in the face, and, despite the power which the iron-hearted soldier had over himself, tears came to his eyes.

"Madame de Below is my wife," he answered, "and be assured that, wherever you meet her, her salute will always say to you: 'My husband stupidly sought a quarrel with you, monsieur; you spared him for love of me—may God bless you!'—and she will hold out her hand to you with as much gratitude as I hold mine." Then he added, laughing, "Excuse me for holding out my left hand; it is your fault that I cannot hold out my right."

This time, although the wound was not dangerous, Major Frederick did not repulse the surgeon. In a moment the major's shirt-sleeve was torn off, and the longitudinal wound, not very deep, but frightful to look at, was exposed to view. It extended from the deltoid muscle to the forearm.

The surgeon soaked a napkin in an ice-cold spring which flowed at the foot of the rock, and enveloped the major's arm with it. Then he brought the edges of the wound together with straps of adhesive plaster. It is frightful to think what such a wound might have been, if he who had inflicted it, instead of contenting himself with drawing the blade of the sabre to him, which he could easily have done, had struck with a full sweep.

The surgeon completed the measure of the major's satisfaction, by assuring him that nothing would prevent him from setting out the same evening for Frankfurt.

Benedict offered his carriage to his adversary, but the latter thanked him, curious to see how affairs would go with his successors. He urged the necessity he was under, in order not to be wanting in courtesy, to wait for Monsieur Georges Kleist.

Although Monsieur Georges Kleist—who had been able by this, the first duel, to judge what sort of a man he had to deal with—would have liked to be twenty leagues away, he put a good face on the matter, and, although very pale during the first combat, and still more pale during the dressing of the major's wound, he was the first to say: "Pardon me for disturbing you, gentlemen; but it is my turn."

"I am at your orders, monsieur," said Benedict.

"You are not dressed like a man who is going to fight with pistols," said Colonel Anderson, examining Benedict's costume.

"How is that?" answered Benedict. "Faith, I did not think what I was going to fight with; I thought only of being at my ease while fighting."

"You can, at least, put on and button up your tunic."

"Oh, it's too hot!"

"Perhaps you should have commenced with the pistol. The sabre duel must have completely deranged your hand."

"My hand is my slave, my dear colonel. It is bound to obey me, and you are going to see it at work."

"Would you like to see the pistols which you are to use?"

"Have you seen them?"

"Yes."

"What sort of pistols are they?"

"Dueling pistols which they hired this morning at a gunsmith's in the Grand Square."

"Double triggers?"

"No, single triggers."

"Call my other second, and superintend the loading of the weapons."

"I am going."

"Above all, see that they don't slip the balls in sideways."

"I will put them in the barrels myself."

"Colonel," said the two Prussian officers, "will you superintend the loading?"

"I am at your service."

"But how's this?" said Colonel Anderson, Monsieur Georges Kleist will have only one second left."

"Let these two gentlemen remain on the side of Monsieur Kleist," said the major; "I pass to Monsieur Benedict's side." And as his wound had been bandaged, he went and sat down on the rock which gives its name to the clearing.

"Thank you, monsieur," said Benedict, with a smile; you know that between us it is for life and death."

During this time they had loaded the pistols, and, as Colonel Anderson had promised, he himself put the balls into the barrels. Benedict had drawn near the major.

"Come," said the latter to him seriously, "are you going to kill him?"

"What would you have? One can't trifle with the pistol, as one does with the sabre or the small-sword."

"You must have some means of crippling people, whom you don't wish to put to death, without killing them outright."

"Nevertheless, I can't miss him, merely to please you. He would go about singing, in every possible key, that I am an awkward fellow."

"Come, I see I am preaching to a convert. I'll wager that you have your idea."

"Well, yes; but he must be very prudent."

"What must he do?"

"Nothing, except not budge."

"That is not very difficult."

"See; they have finished!"

In fact, the witnesses were measuring the dis-

tance. The forty-five paces measured, Colonel Anderson measured off fifteen others from each end; and, as a limit not to be crossed, he placed a sabre-scabbard on each side, while a sabre stuck upright in the earth served as the point of departure.

"To your posts, gentlemen!" cried the seconds.

But the one, who, for a certainty, took the most intense interest in all these preparations, was Franz Muller. It was the first time that he had seen men play for their lives—one against the other—and he had, in spite of himself, a profound admiration for him who played with a smile on his lips.

Now, the man who thus played was Benedict, his antagonist, that detested Frenchman. Franz Muller was thus forced to admire and detest a man at one and the same time.

But his admiration reached its climax when, Monsieur Georges Kleist having chosen his pistol, the colonel brought the other to Benedict, who was chatting with the major, and who, without looking at the weapon, walked to take his position, still chatting with the wounded man.

The two adversaries were placed at the extreme distance.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Anderson, "you are forty-five paces from each other. Each one of you is at liberty to advance fifteen paces before firing, or to fire from his present position. No signal will be given. Monsieur Georges Kleist is to fire first, and at whatever moment suits him. Monsieur Georges Kleist may protect, with his discharged pistol, whatever part of his body he pleases. What I say for Monsieur Georges Kleist, I say also for Monsieur Benedict. 'Go on, gentlemen.'"

The two adversaries immediately advanced to meet each other. Arrived at the limit, Benedict waited, and instead of turning sideways, presented himself to the fire, with his arms crossed. A light breeze blew his hair aside, and puffed out his shirt, which was open at the breast; he had walked at his ordinary pace.

Monsieur Kleist, dressed entirely in black, his head bare, buttoned up in his riding-coat, had walked step by step, moral will overcoming physical resistance. Arrived at the limit, he stopped.

"You are there, monsieur?" he said, to Benedict.

"Yes, monsieur."

"You don't turn sideways?"

"It is not my habit to do so."

Then Monsieur Kleist turned sideways, as in shooting at a mark, slowly lifted his pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired!

Benedict heard a slight whistling at his ear, and heard a rapid rustling in his hair. His adversary's ball had passed within five centimetres of his head.

His opponent immediately raised his pistol and protected his face with it; but his hand trembled a little, as by a nervous effect, independent of his will.

"Monsieur," said Benedict to him, "you have had the courtesy to speak to me, while under arms, which is not usual between combatants, to invite me to turn sideways. Will you permit me, in my turn, to give you a counsel, or, rather, to make a request of you?"

"What is it?" said the journalist, always sheltered behind his pistol.

"It would be, to keep your hand steady; your pistol shaken. Now, I would like to put my ball in the stock of your pistol, which will be a very difficult thing to do, if you don't keep it steady. Indeed, unless you do hold it steady, I might be forced, in spite of myself, to put my ball either in your cheek or the back of your head; while, if you keep your weapon as you have it at this moment"—he rapidly raised his pistol and fired—"There, the operation is finished!"

A PRACHER in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for some church object. There was still some \$20 wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency, he plainly intimated, as he locked the church door one day after service, that he intended to have it before any of them left the house. At the same time he set the example by tossing \$5 on the table. Another put down a dollar, another half of a dollar, another a quarter of a dollar, and so on. The parson read out every now and then the state of the funds: "That's seven and a half, my friends," "That's nine and a quarter," "Ten and six bits are all that are in the hat, friends, and Christian brethren. Slowly it mounted up. "Twelve and a half," "Fourteen," "Fifteen," "Sixteen and three bits," and so, until it stuck at \$19.50. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and how long it might have lasted it is difficult to say, had not a half dollar been passed through the open window, and a rough explanatory voice shouted: "Here, parson, there is your money; let out my gal. I'm about tired of waiting for her."

AN East Indian paper publishes a matrimonial advertisement from a young lady in England, in which she offers herself to an Indian prince. The young lady commences by stating that she has lost her papa and mamma, that she is living with a Wesleyan minister, is twenty-one years of age, has some property, and would like to marry a king. She has seen the Maharajah well spoken of in the newspapers, and would be glad to hear if the potentate is willing, and if he will "name the day." The Wesleyan minister attaches a testimonial, pronouncing her a very nice, amiable, kind, and excellent young lady, who would make a good wife.

"As soon as you get there, my boy," said a countrywoman to her son, as he was leaving her for London, "you must send me a letter."

When the youngster reached London, he said to his master:

"Sir, if you've got an old letter that's good for nothing, I wish you'd give it to me."

"What for?" asked his master.

"For my mother, sir; she told me to send her a letter as soon as I'd got to London."

"Strut, I am going to bring Simpkins up to your house, and introduce him to yourself and family; you will like him; he's a man after your own heart."

"Don't bring him," said Stubbs, who was jealous, "for I fear he might be after my wife's heart also."

A MAN who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house.



NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1893.—RECEIVING CALLS AT A FASHIONABLE MANSION IN NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 282.



THE BANQUET TO PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, AT DELMONICO'S HOTEL, ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 29TH.—SEE PAGE 294.



THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA—BAYAMO, CAPITAL OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT, AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 277.

New Year's Calls in New York City.

"Past ten o'clock! Well, I declare, Was there ever so dreadful a bother! I never shall fix this back hair— Why will you stand fussing there, mother?"

"There's a ring at the door, I am sure! Oh! should it be Harry!—Confound it! I'm quite sick of this horrid *coiffure*, And the ribbon's all tangled around it!"

"Janette, can't you hear? bring that lace— Not so, on the other side, stupid! A touch more of rouge on my face— Oh! mother, where is my pearl Cupid?"

"There's some one! I wonder what fool Could call when it's scarcely ten yet? Why, hussey, you're worse than a mule— Do look for my diamond *algrette*."

"Where's the pencil? Is that eyebrow right? I declare I am looking quite hideous! Belladonna won't make my eyes bright— And Harry's so very fastidious."

"Last week I show'd Harry a ring, Such a sweet one—a large *solitaire*! Don't you think it is that he will bring? Well, let him forget—if he dare!"

"Now, I'm ready! quick, mother, it's late! You are always so long at your toilet— Now, please don't be making me wait— If I had a saint's temper, you'd spoil it!"

And so, the fair Enid Labelle, Glides down to the grand mansion's halls, And ere the night's close, she will tell Of her hundred or more New Year's Calls Her lips, from which sweet welcomes flow, Are wreathed in their drawing-room smiles, And as soft as the dove's, and as low, Is the voice that so gently beguiles.

And sweeter the smile and the voice When Harry the happy is there— And still sweeter when, true to her choice, He hands her the bright *solitaire*.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD RING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

THE harvest was unusually early; the season had been one of unexampled abundance, and all the land rejoiced. It was meet, therefore, reasoned the young Rector of Kingshampton, that a Harvest Thanksgiving should be held. Such festivals were rare at that time, and the Rev. Eustace Mellor, being of Ritualistic turn, could allow no opportunity of church ceremonial to pass by unobserved.

His mother and three sisters lived with him at the Rectory. Of all the young ladies in the parish, Laura Deane was their favorite. They would have been willing for their brother to fall in love with her, "only," said they, "Mr. Wolverstone would leave him no chance."

Mrs. Wolverstone, the great lady of Clare Hall, promised them flowers, fruit, vegetables, eggs—anything they needed—for their harvest festival. Laura Deane was to work with them all day at the Rectory, and her father was to fetch her in the evening; for it was only two miles from the Rectory to Milnhay, where the Deanes lived.

As this was to be the first Thanksgiving which had taken place in the parish, it was very exciting. Miss Mellor, and her sisters, Bertha and Louisa, talked of nothing but cornucopias and wreaths, corn and straw, and acorns, apples and hops, scarlet geraniums and purple asters, and anything that would come in gracefully and harmoniously for their decorations.

It was the last Friday in September; everything was in a delightful state of forwardness, but now, in the afternoon, they fell short of acorns. The day was beautiful; one of those calm, diaphanous, autumn days, when the atmosphere is clear as condensed sunshine.

"Why should we not go and gather the acorns for ourselves?" said Laura, as she walked to the window, and looked out into the dreamy sunshine. "It is so delicious out of doors. Let two of us go and gather some; then we can finish to-night—all but the flowers."

Louisa and she accordingly put on their hats, and, taking each a basket, went through the Rectory garden into the fields beyond, on their way to the Beauvale coppices, where the young oaks were full of sporns. At about half a mile's distance, they had to cross a large field, where corn had grown, and where men were plowing. Now, however, the plow was stopped, and the men were eagerly talking with a woman, who seemed to have told them something in an excited manner. Before they reached the men, the woman was gone, running at full speed onward along the field, and the men remained standing by the listless plow.

"What is amiss?" asked Louisa Mellor. "Lord ha' mercy!" exclaimed the man, with a scared look, and taking off his hat; "yon woman says as Colonel Knightly's shot!"

"Shot!" repeated Miss Mellor. "How shot?" "He was out shooting," replied the man, now repeating the words of the woman, "with his keeper, Daniel Smith. He wanted to get into the turnips, where the birds lie, and went down by the spinny for short, and, getting through the hedge, somehow the trigger caught, and the gun went off and shot him through his heart. Howsomever, he got to the house below the spinny, and there he lies. She's off for her husband. Lord ha' mercy! And they say'n the dogs has been howling these many nights."

The girls looked as much scared as the men, who now set themselves slowly to their plowing again. The high road ran along by the side of the field, and now they saw the surgeon from Kingshampton driving at a furious rate. He was going to Jones's cottage. There was no doubt, therefore, but it was true, though he might not be mortally wounded. They said so to each other, and turned back toward the Rectory; for now all desire for the acorns was gone.

"If he should die, or were even dangerously ill, there would be no harvest festival," said Louisa Mellor. "What a pity!"

Laura Deane said not a word; for the chance of the colonel's death stirred some deep thoughts in her heart.

"It is dreadful," exclaimed Louisa. "Eustace dined there only last week; Colonel Knightly and he were such friends! But what an unfortunate family they are! You know he was the younger brother. It was the elder who gave Eustace the living. He promised it to him eight years before; but he had to wait till Mr. Cole's death, and then he died, only three months after Eustace got possession, and so suddenly, too! And now the colonel's gone—that is, if he really should die; and if so, who'll come into the property?"

"He has two nephews," said Laura. "Only one!" returned Louisa. "Mrs. Beauchamp has only daughters; and little Knightly Howard, Mrs. Howard's son, is only about five years old. He's the heir, I believe."

"But there was an elder sister," said Laura. "Yes," said the other; "I remember. She married below her, and her uncle, that queer old man, who must have been a regular tyrant, never owned her again, nor would let any of the family do so. She's been dead many years. But see!" she said, interrupting herself, "my brother's going off now. They have sent for him. It's dreadful!"

These words brought them to the Rectory-garden gate. The young clergymen rode off rapidly, with a look of alarm and anxiety. Within the house all was excitement.

They entered the room where they had so lately been sitting. Hundreds of bunches of corn, acorns, and reeds were piled up in baskets and scattered over the tables, whilst half-finished scrolls of text, in beautiful monograms, formed of split straw, lay on the floor amongst many-colored autumn leaves, grasses, and moss. It was a scene of utter confusion. But no one heeded it; all were thinking of the strong man, cut down in his life's prime, or, at least, suffering severe agony; for it was now an assured fact, that the injury was very severe, and the chances of life very small.

Mrs. Mellor thought of the condition of a soul snatched out of life without warning or preparation, and silently prayed God to have mercy upon him. But, even in the midst of more serious thoughts, arose the question of the property and the inheritance.

"Little Knightly Howard is the heir," said Miss Mellor; for both Mrs. Howard and her elder sister, Mrs. Beauchamp, were well known at the Rectory.

Laura Deane again said, as she had said in the field, "But there was an elder sister, Mrs. Arnold."

Yes; they all knew that—the sister who had married so unfortunately, and who was disowned by her uncle. That was many years ago; she was dead, and they did not think had left any family.

Why did not Laura say that she had left a son? I cannot tell, further than that a strange unwillingness to say anything took possession of her. She felt quite as much excited as the Misses Mellor themselves; and, beginning to collect together the scattered word, said she would go home and return on the morrow. But nobody knew about the morrow; for, if Colonel Knightly died, or were so dreadfully ill, there would be no festival on the next Sunday; at all events.

When the scattered things were collected and laid aside, Laura rolled up some unfinished scrolls with a quantity of straw, and laying them in a basket, said that, in any case, she would take them with her and finish them at home, if needful. Then bidding her friends good-by, she set off on her homeward walk.

Scarcely, however, had she passed through Kingshampton than she was overtaken by young Squire Wolverstone (all landed proprietors in this part of the country are familiarly called Squire), who was driving with his groom. Seeing her, he stopped and begged to drive her home. She refused; she preferred walking, she said, for the day was so pleasant. He was a young man; and, seeming used to command, alighted, and, taking hold of her basket, appeared determined not to be refused. She was as resolute to retain her basket and walk, and was saying so when her father, who was on his way to the Rectory, came up. He was an old, gray-headed man, looking more like her grandfather. He was evidently well pleased to find the young squire urging this kind attention on his daughter, and at once gladly accepted it, both for her and himself.

As soon as they had started, the talk, of course, began on the terrible accident of which, on his way thither, Mr. Deane had heard; whilst Wolverstone came direct from Jones's cottage, where he had driven on his way from Oldminster, hearing of the accident at the toll-bar. He said that the surgeon gave no hope, and would not allow him to be moved from the cottage.

Mr. Deane was a little given to moralizing. "In the midst of life we are in death," he said; and then added that it was the dropping off of another branch of this ill-starred line of Knightly.

"If poor Knightly dies," said Wolverstone, "the property will go to little Howard, unless that unfortunate Mrs. Arnold's son be alive."

"Lord bless my soul! yes!" exclaimed Mr. Deane, as if struck by a new idea.

"But I suppose nobody knows anything of him," continued the young man. "None of the family do, at least. It was a miserable marriage, I suppose; and she has been dead some years."

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Deane, glad to give his rich neighbor any information, "if by miserable you mean poor, you may be right; but he was a barrister, and, I've heard say, a clever man, who might have distinguished himself if he had lived. She died some years ago, as you say, and left one son."

"I've heard," remarked Wolverstone, "that he was a wild sort of a fellow and went to sea, and has never done any good."

"Of that I can't speak," said Mr. Deane. "He went to sea, I know—was a sort of rolling stone, and all that. I believe he is now in Australia."

Neither of the gentlemen looked at Laura, or they would have seen the angry crimson mount to her brow.

"Why does not my father speak out generously for poor Tom?" thought she, and turned the little gold ring that she wore round and round on her finger.

Mr. Deane had not much sympathy with unsuccessful people, and he always considered Arnold one of this class. Nobody stood higher in his estimation than young Wolverstone, and at this time he was in particularly good humor with him.

But, to make myself intelligible, I must be allowed to go back some years.

PART II.

MR. NATHANIEL DEANE was the happiest man in the world, according to his own mode of happiness. He was a day-dreamer—had been so all his life; and now, in his seventieth year, it was too late to break him of the habit. In fact, he had come to regard his day-dreams as a kind of prophetic sense, for had they not all been accomplished? As an orphan lad, wearing the blue coat

and yellow stockings of Christ's Hospital, his day-dream had been of a post in the War office, like little Jack Seymour, Lord Hardcastle's seventh cousin; and at eighteen had he not a post in the Customs, with eighty pounds a year?

From twenty to thirty came the day-dream of the pretty, amiable young lady who was to be his wife; but, instead of being married himself, he was "best man" to all his friends. He was very popular, and his life was pleasant; and, as years went on and his income doubled and quadrupled itself, and one legacy after another unexpectedly fell in, his day-dreams expanded, and comprehended not only a wife, but freedom from official duties, landed property, and a country home.

He was now fifty, and lodged at Brixton, in the same house with a very agreeable-looking young lady, Miss Sewell, a daily governess. He had the large front rooms and she the small back ones. She was highly accomplished, and a gentlewoman both by birth and manners, though her father had been unfortunate, and now her mother and blind sister were dependent upon her. It was not possible for Mr. Deane to live in the same house with an amiable, attractive young woman without being interested in her.

The blind sister died, and the mother fell into such bad health that it did not seem possible for her to live from week to week. Her sufferings were great, and Mr. Deane, in his comfortable, large bed, heard the daughter reading many an hour through the long, tedious night in her sweet, low voice, for this was the only means of obtaining rest for the poor sufferer. By some chance understanding that the fellow-lodger had been kept awake by her reading, she apologized to him as they met on the stairs, and he, looking into her sweet face, and perceiving how its youthful bloom had faded with all this watching and anxiety, was conscious of something like a tender sentiment stealing into his heart. After this she began to appear in his day-dreams, like a peaceful, soothing influence that was extremely agreeable. When the mother died he volunteered his services as regards the funeral, took upon himself all the trouble, and attended as a chief-mourner.

He had now served sufficiently long in the Customs to retire with a pension, and with a portion of one of his legacies he had purchased that Milnhay where, about one-and-twenty years later, we are aware of his residing with his daughter.

As regards the purchase, a word or two must be said. He had that sort of acquaintance with a wealthy leather-dealer in the city, which gentlemen make with each other who ride daily in the same omnibus to and from their places of business year after year. He made no secret about his affairs, least of all his desire and ability to purchase land; hence he was informed by the leather-seller that, finding himself heir-at-law to a little property in Gloucestershire, which he did not care about holding, he could now offer it him as a bargain.

Mr. Deane went down, saw it, and liked it amazingly. There were only fifty acres; and the homestead was very old, but it lay well, with grand woods round it, and was in a very good neighborhood. It was anciently an old abbey mill; and Clare Hall, a fine mansion standing on the site of the abbey, was very near. He walked over it, and round it, and looked at it from every side; returned to London, paid down the deposit money, and obtained immediate possession.

This was very satisfactory. No less was his retirement from office, which was attended by a gratifying mark of attention from his colleagues. True, they were most of them men who had grown old with him, and he had been in the habit of giving little dinners to his friends, with every delicacy of the season and plenty of good wine. It was natural, therefore, though he appeared surprised, that they should present him with a handsome *épergne*, in memory of good old fellowship, inscribed with the sentiment of their deepest esteem. The parting entertainment came off at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, and was all that heart could desire. Mr. Deane, no little elated by the good wine and the sense of his friends' esteem, was taken home by two of them, late at night, that they might make sure of his being safely housed with his valuable piece of plate. But that was all in the order of things.

He had now done with official life, and the *épergne*, taken out of its oak chest, stood upon his sideboard. It was placed there for a purpose; and on the second day after its possession he purposely met his fellow-inmate on the stairs. She had heard of the compliment his friends had paid him, and offered her congratulations. This was what he wanted, and he invited her in to see it.

"I wish it had been a tea-service," said he.

"Why so?" she asked, smiling.

"Because I should like to see you presiding at my tea-table," he replied. "You'll pardon me," he added, looking a little confused, for he knew he had made a foolish speech; "but I have indulged this day-dream."

"Really, sir, you speak in enigmas," she said, and yet she blushed.

"Allow me to call on you this evening, and explain myself."

That evening he made her perfectly understand his meaning, and I hope my readers will not be angry with her for promising to be his wife without keeping him long in doubt. Let it be borne in mind that for the last fifteen years, ever since she was twenty, she had been doing daily-governess drudgery. Besides, had she not known him for seven years? Had she not also experienced his kindness and his sympathy, and his thoughtful attention to her in her sorrow? Yes, of a truth she had, and the heart of a solitary woman clings to kindness, and is not too critical of faults and shortcomings in the one friend when friends are few.

So she accepted the hand of Mr. Deane, and removed with him in the depth of winter to a dreary, desolate old house, hardly better than a yeoman's cottage, but which the coming spring and summer were to be spent in making beautiful.

It was a curious fact that, in coming to Milnhay, Mrs. Deane returned to some of the scenes of her early and happy life.

Just on the other side of Kingshampton, and not more than three miles from Milnhay, lay the large estate of Beauvale, belonging to the old family of Knightly. The Squire Knightly of Mrs. Deane's youth, the "queer old man," of whom Louisa Mellor spoke, was a bachelor, with whom lived the widow of his younger brother, her two sons and three daughters, and, as he professed to have kept single for their sakes, he required from them a slavish submission. He gave them all, however, good educations—the sons he sent to Eton and Cambridge, and the daughters to what were considered first-rate schools. Mrs. Deane, then the daughter of a rich merchant, went to the same schools, and she and the eldest Miss Knightly became fast friends, spending the vacation alternately at each other's houses. This was the golden time of her youth, which ended with the misfortunes of her family and the commencement of her life of hard, daily duty.

Old Squire Knightly was a worshiper of wealth and rank, and required that his nieces should marry only men of wealth and position, or forfeit his favor and every shilling by which he might benefit them. On the mother's death the daughters became each possessed of a small annuity; and, their home being far from happy, the eldest daughter risked the loss of her uncle's favor by secretly marrying a gentleman to whom she was deeply attached—the barrister of whom Mr. Deane spoke in his conversation with Mr. Wolverstone.

She was the favorite niece, and probably hoped for ultimate forgiveness; but, to show how vain was such a hope, her uncle drew up a formal deed of disavowment, and never allowed her name to be mentioned in his presence. It was not a family in which the bonds of affection were strong, and the delinquent, Mrs. Arnold, passed, as it were, from their memories. In course of time the old squire died, at peace with all of them; for the remaining daughters married to his mind, the younger brother was in the army, and the elder succeeded to the estate.

Although, after her father's misfortunes, our Mrs. Deane, then Miss Sewell, was no longer invited to Beauvale, she and her friend kept up their correspondence; and when Miss Knightly married and went to reside in London the old intercourse was renewed, and the two women, whose cup of life was so mingled with bitterness and sorrow, drew closer to each other than even in the days of their sunny youth. Mrs. Arnold's married life was short. She was left a widow with a little son of two years old, and, having nothing to depend upon but her small annuity, removed into Cornwall, where living was cheap.

It was a pleasure to Mr. Deane to know that his wife had once lived on equal terms with the family at Beauvale, which was considered the richest in the neighborhood, and he often drove her in his smart little pony-phaeton round the park and made her tell him over again all she knew about the place and the people.

But, if Beauvale, thus seen in a reflected light, gave him pleasure, it was different with Clare Hall.

Poor, inoffensive Mr. Deane might as well have settled himself down on an established hornet's nest as at Milnhay, so great was the ill-will and exasperation of Squire Wolverstone on his doing so. The fact was that all the dead and gone Wolverstones had been striving to get possession of these fifty acres of Milnhay, which had been granted to a sturdy yeoman at the time of the dissolution of the abbey, when it came into the hands of the Wolverstones. It had been a bone of contention and a spot of offense to all this long line of landowners, and had been doggedly held by the sturdy yeomen, who prided themselves as much on their descent as did the proud Wolverstones on theirs. When the last owner of Milnhay died, Squire Wolverstone made himself sure of getting possession; but, whilst his lawyer was proceeding in a dignified way to secure the interests of his client, the London leather-seller, who, I suspect, inherited somewhat of the old yeoman spirit, laughed in his sleeve to think how he was outwitting them all, and also, it may be, what a peck of troubles he was showering down on the head of Mr. Deane.

It was with no little consternation, therefore, that this simple-hearted gentleman, who courted, above all things, the good will of his rich neighbors, found that he had trodden, as it were, on the gouty toe of the great man with whom it was of most importance to be on good terms.

Milnhay ran like a little neck of land into the very heart of the Clare estate, as if to make itself a standing provocation. Hence it was that a belt of fir-trees, now a beautiful and picturesque feature of the landscape, had been planted by the squire of a century and a half ago as a source of annoyance to the Milnhay yeoman of those days, from whose land he wished to shut out some of the sunshine; from the same cause the bridle-road which led across the Milnhay fields had been used by another squire for the conveyance of gravel, thus cutting up the land at all seasons. Of late, however, the gravel being exhausted, it had fallen into disuse again. But now the present squire would have cut down every fir-tree if he thought the Milnhay people admired them, and have again commenced using the road, even though there were nothing to fetch from the other end, if he could only cause such annoyance as would compel this new upstart possessor to throw up his bargain.

But, chagrined and disappointed as Mr. Deane was, he went on with his pulling down and his building up; and the house at Milnhay erected its gables and its banded chimneys as if it cared for nobody.

The squire grew more angry than ever, and was devising new modes of annoyance, when exasperation of mind brought on a fierce attack of hereditary gout, and he was laid with his fathers in the old family fault in Kingshampton Church not many days before the little daughter from Milnhay was taken to the font in the same church to be christened.

The squire left a widow and one son, then seven years old, with such an amount of encumbrance on his estate as rendered the strictest economy necessary in order that the heir, on his majority, might find himself a free man. Thus the constant anger about the land apparently died out, and Mrs. Wolverstone, who only came to the hall when accompanied by her son in his school or college vacations, did not refuse to notice the unobtrusive people at Milnhay, even though she learned of Mrs. Deane's governess-life before her marriage, from the ladies of the Beauvale family, none of whom condescended to notice her. Mrs. Wolverstone, however, was much more gracious; and the little Laura, a very pretty child, was sometimes even taken out by the great lady in her carriage, sitting on the seat beside her, whilst her son, now a handsome lad of fourteen, preferred a seat with the coachman on the box.

This was very agreeable to Mr. Deane, whom, whatever Mrs. Wolverstone thought of his wife, she considered a weak, inoffensive man, who, if not dead by the time her son came of age, might, by a little management, be wheedled into selling Milnhay; for the greed of land was as strong in her soul as in that of any of her son's forefathers. She was, therefore, very gracious, and agreeable, little thinking that the despised Mr. Deane had also his intentions, or, rather, day-dreams, with regard to Milnhay, which he visioned to himself in the future as united to the Clare estate by the union of his little daughter with the aristocratic boy on the coach-box.

One of the first hitherto unknown peculiarities of her husband which Mrs. Deane discovered was the old propensity for castle-building. Thus, no sooner was his little daughter in his arms than he began to build castles for her. Her education, the dowry he must prepare for her, even her marriage was planned before she was many weeks old. The mother smiled and let him dream on; and as the child grew, he looked onward into the future still more industriously, and not a boy in the neigh-

berhood but he bribed with sugar-plums, or tipped with silver, or it might be gold, that he might study his character, so as to judge whether he would be a desirable son-in-law or not.

The child was called Laura, after her mother's dear friend, Mrs. Arnold, who was also her god-mother, but who could not be prevailed upon to visit Milnhey on account of its proximity to Beauvale. One happy autumn, however, Mrs. Deane and her little daughter, then about five years old, paid her a visit in Cornwall. The remembrance of that visit never faded from the little Laura's mind. None of the companions that she had any experience of, before or after, could compare with Tom Arnold. He was a tall, handsome lad of twelve; and he wandered with her for hours gathering seaweed and shells. He took her to his favorite cave, high up amongst the rocks of the shore, into which they had to creep, and then lived as in a palace, overlooking the great raging sea below. He read to her fairy tales, and made her a garden on the wild land behind his mother's house; and two years afterward, when he went to sea, he sent her his silver pencil-case for a keepsake.

That going to sea was heart-breaking to his mother; but Tom's guardian, a merchant of London, who had ships of his own, recommended it, promising to make him the captain of a fine steamer when he had served his apprenticeship and proved himself a capable man. Poor fellow! he was singularly unfortunate. Over and over again he was wrecked, and yet he persevered, determined, however, that when his apprenticeship to the sea was over, to choose any life rather than that.

The time of his deliverance came at length, and, to the displeasure of his guardian, he set off to Australia. It was in the early days of the gold-fever. He heard of people making immense fortunes there, and he hoped to do the same, and then to send for his mother, who promised to join him as soon as his prospects were good and he was settled.

Mrs. Deane, who was very fond of Tom, and to whom his mother used to send letters, wrote to him herself now and then, for she knew what a pleasure letters must be in that far-away world; and he, good fellow as he was, now and then wrote to her from places with unpronounceable names, always making his letters as amusing and interesting as a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe." His mother had long been ill, though he knew it not; nor would she tell him, for she still hoped to live, for his sake. But it was otherwise ordained; and before he arrived in Australia she had reached a far better land. And now it was Mrs. Deane's sad duty to write the poor fellow such a letter as he had neither received before nor was prepared for. She wrote very tenderly; and, as she wished to please him, enclosed a photograph of her daughter, his early playmate, then turned sixteen.

The only thing that Mr. Deane objected to in his wife, was her liking for Tom Arnold. He was afraid of his coming back—luckless fellow as he had always been—and falling in love with Laura. He had no satisfaction in thinking that she and this penniless sailor had played together as children. The fear of Tom Arnold coming back to England was one of the day-dreams that troubled him. What would he have said had he known that the photographed countenance of his daughter, of the early playmate who had been so fascinating to the boy of twelve, now woke such a sentiment of earnest true love in the heart of the man of four-and-twenty that he vowed to himself, as soon as he had wealth enough to offer for such a prize, to go to the other side of the world and try to win it? Tom was not a man to do things by halves. The death of his mother had left existence very poor to him, and, for awhile, it was necessary to throw himself upon the hardest work in order to deaden the sense of his misery. But the spring of a new vitality had entered his being; and, without asking himself whether there were hope or not, he girded on his armor and rushed into the thickest of the fight with that determination which makes men heroes.

A year later, and Laura herself had to experience Tom's sorrow: an unimaginable sorrow it was, which had never entered into the day-dreams of her father. Mrs. Deane faded through one long summer, and late in the autumn was gathered into the great storehouse of eternity. Her husband could not believe the change that was before her, though she knew it from the first, and to the day of her death he was scheming pleasures to be enjoyed on her recovery.

He never thought of sending Tom word of his wife's death: but the poor fellow came upon the announcement in an old copy of the *Times* that he found in a shepherd's hut near the Murray. Mr. Deane was, in fact, glad—if anything could make him glad with regard to his dear dead wife—that surely now there was an end to all connection between them and that rolling stone in Australia. Little, however, did he know that Laura treasured up every letter which Tom had written, and which her mother had kept as faithfully as if he had been her own son, and that with them was also a photograph of himself, which he had sent over in his last letter that she might see what "a big, bearded savage" he had grown; and, worse still, that Laura had looked up this photograph amongst her best things, with her garnet necklace and earrings and her mother's set of pearls; and, doubly worse, that she liked to look at it, and honestly thought it a far pleasanter face than Mr. Wolverstone's, though he was so handsome.

Tom, who had no idea of Mr. Deane's feelings toward him, wrote a letter to that gentleman as soon as he learned the death of his wife, the dear friend of his mother. It was a very touching letter, for Tom knew what sorrow was, and his brave heart was full of sympathy. With the letter he sent a small gold ring set with three rubies, which he begged Mr. Deane to present to his daughter in remembrance of her old playmate. He had been gold-digging, he said, but he had not had much luck. This ring, however, was made from gold which he had dug, and these rubies he also had picked up, and he hoped she would wear it to bring him better luck. He was now up the country, on a station near the Murrumbidgee; and he gave his address as Brady's Run, Gurungy.

Mr. Deane could not help being a little touched by the letter; but he wished it had not come. However, he said he would acknowledge it, and really meant to do so. But he postponed it so long that after twelve months there seemed no use in writing to such a rolling stone, who, by that time, might be half over the world in some other direction. This was a great trouble to Laura. She would so gladly have written herself, but that she could hardly do, and the sense of the poor fellow's disappointment weighed so upon her that she could not bear to wear the ring, so she locked it up with the photograph, and the name of Tom Arnold was never mentioned between her and her father.

She was now twenty. I have not described her.

Enough, if I say she was a perfectly English girl—fair complexioned, with dark-gray eyes as clear as daylight, and soft, golden-brown hair. Her great charm, however, was the kind, amiable, and intelligent expression of her countenance, and the candid, unaffected simplicity of her manners. She was highly educated, for she had been her mother's pupil; but, after all, nature had done more for her than education. She was greatly admired, and Mrs. Wolverstone was half afraid of her, for now her son had established himself at Clare Hall. He sowed a good many wild oats whilst at Oxford, and still more since then; so that, instead of coming to a free estate, he had laid new burdens upon it. It was a satisfaction to her, however, to see how much she was courted by noble and wealthy mothers with marriageable daughters, so that he had a good chance of forming influential connections, getting into Parliament, and distinguishing himself, if he would only do so, instead of loitering his time down there, as he had done of late, shooting and even fishing. One thing, however, comforted her. He had set his mind on purchasing Milnhey, and had consulted with a lawyer as to what bait could best be set to induce Mr. Deane to part with it. It was greatly increased in value since he had owned it. But now a new fear had sprung up; somebody had suggested that as the water, the old mill-stream, was so remarkably fine and soft, it would be worth any money for a brewery. This was a terrible idea, and Mrs. Wolverstone, like Ahab's wife, had no pity on this Naboth. He must be cajoled, wheedled, or managed in some way.

PART III.

COLONEL KNIGHTLY died the night following his accident, and there was no Harvest Festival. The Rev. Eustace Mellor preached a suitable sermon instead, on the uncertainty of life and the vanity of human wishes. The funeral was very grand, and great excitement prevailed everywhere. The boy Howard was the unquestionable heir, unless Mrs. Arnold's son were alive, and then what a Nemesis it was if the son of the disinherited, disinherited woman came into possession! The Howards, however, came down to Beauvale and ostensibly made sure that it was theirs. The lawyers were busy, and Mr. Deane, who it was known could give information about Arnold, was questioned by the lawyers, and looked upon with aversion and contempt by the Howards.

"My daughter keeps my papers," said he, when the lawyers complimented him on producing a letter from Tom bearing the Australian postmark.

So the lawyers wrote to summon him from the banks of the Murrumbidgee, and at the same time sent advertisements to all the Australian papers for the same purpose.

Mrs. Wolverstone, I have said, was afraid of Laura, and there was some reason for it. Mr. Deane, on the other hand, indulged delicious day-dreams, and did all in his power to show his good will to her son. He often asked him to come in to luncheon; he had made him free of the fishing, which was very fine in the Milnhey water, from the earliest part of the year. He and his daughter had been long in the habit of riding together, and nothing pleased him so much as to fall in with Wolverstone, who then mostly joined them. Late in the autumn, however, Laura's mare fell lame, and it did not seem likely would be fit for riding for some time. One day, therefore, Wolverstone rode over to offer her the use of a beautiful horse, which had been trained for a lady's riding. It was the property of a friend of his, and was now sent down to him for the winter. He begged she would give him the pleasure of using it whilst her mare was lying by. Mr. Deane, delighted, looked to his daughter for her immediate acquiescence. But Laura declined; she was not intending to ride again at present; and when her father, piqued by her refusal, said that he did not choose to ride alone, she reminded him that it was already arranged that he should accompany the Misses Mellor. There was no mistaking her determination not to receive this favor from Wolverstone. The young man said no more, but was evidently annoyed. Her father was very angry, and very much pained at the same time. He wished to see her splendidly married, and it now seemed to him that she was wantonly destroying her chance. He would not take his usual rides, and suffered from the want of them. He hoped about the place, and said she had offended the only cheerful friend he had.

Two or three weeks afterward Mrs. Wolverstone called. No one could be kinder than she was. She brought a present of hothouse fruit, and came to invite them to dinner on the following Thursday. It was so long, she said, since they had seen anything of them. They would be quite alone—only herself, her son, and a friend of his from London, who was come down for a little shooting. Mr. Deane, fearing his daughter might demur, accepted the invitation in the most cordial manner, and Laura, desirous of giving her father pleasure, did the same.

It was touching to see how grateful he was. Did she want anything new for the occasion? he asked, for he liked her to look nice, and there was no money he spent so cheerfully as for her.

His hair was white as snow, and his old face was wrinkled. Laura well knew these signs of old age in him; but as she looked at him now, his whole countenance beaming with tender affection, she threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and burst into tears. He thought that she thus begged pardon for her willfulness, and, tenderly kissing her, he was again happy, and could indulge his old day-dream.

Thursday came and Mr. Deane was satisfied with his daughter's appearance. They drove to the hall in their own little phaeton, for the evening was dark. There was no one but themselves and the gentleman from London, who proved to be a lawyer. Mrs. Wolverstone was singularly affable; her son, however, treated Laura with a formal deference, unlike his usual sociality, as if he would show her that he intended to keep the distance which she had prescribed.

The dinner over, Mrs. Wolverstone and Laura retired to the drawing-room. Mrs. Wolverstone seemed preoccupied or forced the conversation, talked of the Beauvale heirship, and made it very apparent that her interest went with the Howards; yet she sought to elicit from Laura all she could about the Arnolds. Laura was not inclined to say much. She had, however, Tom's ring on her finger, for, her father having forgotten it, she wore it regularly. Mrs. Wolverstone then asked her to sing, and, as she did so, dropped asleep in her chair; then Laura turned over the old photographs, as she had so often done before.

Mrs. Wolverstone woke up from her sleep. It was now ten o'clock; the gentlemen had been three hours at their wine. She apologized, and again asked Laura to sing. Then the door opened, and the gentlemen came in, bringing with them strong rumors of wine. Her father looked flushed and excited, and seemed to have lost self-

control. She had seen him affected by wine before, but never to the same extent. She felt ashamed and humiliated, but, more than all, angry with his entertainer, who had induced an old man and a guest thus to debase himself. Mrs. Wolverstone, who saw his state, looked inquiringly at her son. Laura could not interpret the look, but it struck her unpleasantly. Tea was at that moment brought in, but she told her father they would go home. His brain was confused and his word was meaningless. She repeated that they would go home. Mrs. Wolverstone offered them her close carriage, but Laura would only accept the services of a groom, as her father was incapable of driving.

Mr. Deane woke the next morning with a confused sense of something strange having occurred. By degrees the whole came back more or less distinctly to his memory. First, the amiability of his host, the pleasant conversation of his friend, and the excellence of the wine; the talk of the Beauvale heirship, and afterward (but how it was introduced he could not tell) of his own property. He remembered saying with a good deal of warmth that he would not sell it; that it was his daughter's dower, and whoever married her would have it. He knew he was thinking of Wolverstone at the time; perhaps he might say something that had reference to him. He remembered saying, as he had often thought, that it would make a nice jointure-house. He had clear remembrance of Wolverstone saying that his daughter treated him with disdain. He was afraid that in reply he said something which might compromise her. He knew that he drank much wine, and that his ideas became confused. He also distinctly remembered signing two papers, one of which, he thought, he put in his pocket-book. And now, with little surprise, annoyance, and shame, he saw that he had engaged voluntarily, as before stated, that Milnhey, at his death, should become the property of John Wolverstone on his paying to his sole heiress, his administrators, etc., twice the sum of the original purchase-money. He had signed it, duly dated, and it was witnessed. It was a piece of astounding folly; yet he had no doubt but he had been a willing party to it. He felt humiliated and ashamed, yet a sense of injury, stronger even than self-reproach, rankled in his soul like a poisoned dagger.

At length he said he would go to London, and, afraid to trust him alone, she would gladly have accompanied him. But he refused her company. He was in the habit of going there occasionally to see his old friend or his lawyer; and, hoping that the change might do him good, she cheerfully made the needful preparations, and then accompanied him to Oldminster, the nearest point at which he could take the train for London.

This scheme of obtaining firm hold on Milnhey originated with Mrs. Wolverstone, who virtually said, like Ahab's wife, "Let thy heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth, the Jezreelite." It had so far succeeded; and the lawyer assured her son that he need not trouble himself further. But he was a young man, and though he had sown wild oats in plenty, his conscience was not quite seared; besides, he had sufficient love for the daughter to be uneasy under the unworthy advantage which he had taken of the father. Hence the day after Mr. Deane went to London, Laura was unpleasantly surprised by a visit from him.

She still felt extremely angry and hurt, though she did not know the full offense which had been committed against her father. Still she received his visit.

"I wanted to assure you, Miss Deane," said he, in a gentle and deprecating tone, "how unhappy I am about the other evening. It was an awful shame! and how I dare come and ask you to forgive me, I'm sure I don't know; and he looked so ashamed and so heartily sorry, that her heart melted a little.

"And then I want you to understand," he again began, in a still more deprecating tone, yet with a certain tenderness in it, "that there is not a girl in all the world that can ever be to me what you are. You know I love you; but that's nothing. Mr. Deane knows it, and wishes it."

"Mr. Wolverstone," said Laura, impatiently rising, a crimson flush mantling her brow, "not another word on that subject, and, above all, not in connection with my father. If he has expressed anything of the kind to you, it is humiliating to me to know it, for it can only have been on some sad occasion like that miserable evening. I would sever myself from the dearest friend I had in the world, if, at his own table, he had beguiled my father—an old, gray-headed, confiding man, to betray and debase himself!" and with these words, and her eyes full of tears, she turned to leave the room.

"You need not go," he said, proudly, and the next moment had left the house.

He came with an honest purpose, by no counsel of his mother, nor would she ever know of it. He came to do an act of justice, to destroy the bond before her face which had been obtained from her father; but her rejection had now thrown him back into the old aggressive and selfish state: and, mortified and disappointed, he stifled his conscience, and said that Milnhey should be his in his mother's way.

Mr. Deane consulted his lawyer on the false step which he had taken. He laid the duplicate bond before him, and candidly confessed his share in the folly; but now declaring that so far from wishing his daughter's marriage to this young man, he would prevent it by every means in his power, yet at the same time he was equally unwilling that Milnhey should be his at his death.

The lawyer, however, said that he had tied himself fast, although the law might decide in his favor, if it were carried into court. Though by that means, his daughter's name might be unpleasantly brought before the public.

He lingered some time in London, going again and again to the lawyer. He could not, however, make up his mind to try it at law, and then returned home as deeply depressed as ever by the humiliating sense of his own folly, and the baseness of his friend.

It was the depth of winter—just a week before Christmas. The Rev. Eustace Mellor and his sisters determined to indemnify themselves for the disappointment of their Harvest Festival, by the most beautiful and perfect decorations which could be produced for Christmas. Laura promised to help them, provided her father were well enough to be left on his return; in the meantime she undertook to prepare at home a set of quatrefoils for the chancel roof.

On Thursday her father was to return, but he came on Wednesday instead. He still seemed out of spirits, but glad to be at home again. He told her nothing of his doings in London. He did not willingly speak of the time he was there, but he told her of his journey back and his traveling companion, who had made it so agreeable to him. He did not tell her, however, that he had fallen into his old folly of day-dreaming, and had

even thought how well he could have liked a man like that for his son-in-law; he could not believe him capable of taking a dishonorable advantage of an old friend. Next day it was necessary for Laura to go over to the Rectory about the decorations. She and her father dined early; and, leaving him to have his afternoon nap, she set out.

Scarcely, however, had she closed the garden-gate, when she was met by a stranger—yet not a stranger. Her heart beat violently, for she knew him well.

"Laura," he said, "I'm not mistaken; it is you. Thank God!"

She was not a fainting young lady, but assuredly the blood rushed very strangely about her heart. She could not speak, but she knew instantly that it was Tom Arnold, and thought he had come about the property, never considering that, unless he were nearer home than Australia, that was impossible. She made a movement to turn back to the house.

"You were going out," said he; "we'll go together. I shall like that best. I saw your father yesterday. I traveled with him from London to Oldminster; but I did not know it was he till he left the platform."

It was not much that Laura could say, but almost before she was aware he had placed her arm in his and they were walking along the road to Kingshampton. But they did not go to the Rectory; they had so much to say to each other, though she did not say much. The story he had to tell her was a wonderful one. His fortunes had taken a great turn in Australia, but not from gold-digging. He had the good fortune to save the life of an old squatter who was bushed in the forest, and who, when he came upon him, was at the point of death. He took him to his own station, only eight miles off. The old man's gratitude was so great that he would not part with him: he treated him like a son, and when he died, eighteen months afterward—for he never recovered the shock—Tom found that he had left him one-third of the run, with the stock, so that he was worth ten thousand pounds. And now he was come home, without loss of time, to see if his old playmate remembered him.

Then he told her how for these last four years he had been waiting for this day, and all the love he had in his heart for her all that time—nay, almost ever since they were children together in Cornwall—and of the fear lest she should have forgotten him. He had all the talk to himself; and then, as he seemed so impatient to know if she had remembered him, she simply took off her glove and showed him her ring with the three rubies, and apologized for her father never having acknowledged it. Then she told him how she had stored up all his letters to her mother, and how she had kept the silver pencil-case which he had sent to her when he went to sea. He was quite satisfied.

It was dusk when they came back, and Mr. Deane was getting anxious for his daughter's return. He stood at the window looking out into the wintry landscape. His first impression when he saw a gentleman by her side was, that it was Wolverstone. He was troubled and disturbed; he turned hastily from the window, and felt sure that he could not receive him under his roof.

But now Laura opened the parlor door, and said, in a voice ringing with joy:

"Father—dear, your traveling companion of yesterday has come to see you."

All at once the old man was cheerful. This was indeed an unexpected pleasure. Every painful thought was gone, and he was shaking hands with him in the dim fire-lighted parlor. Laura rang for lights. He seemed to her that she could not make the room bright enough.

"Father," she said, when the lamp was brought and its light gleaming on the silver of his hair, "you can't guess who this is!" and then she stroked the soft old hair and looked into his eyes and said, "It's Tom Arnold, father, come all the way from Australia to see us."

Mr. Deane was some moments before he spoke. Then he said, addressing Tom:

"You are come about this property, Mr. Arnold, are you not?"

But Tom knew nothing about any property. He had left Australia before the letters and advertisements had reached that country; and the English papers which he saw on reaching the English shore gave him no information on that subject. He had not been many hours in London, but came direct to Oldminster. There he passed the night; but nobody was likely to speak of it to him neither there nor yet at Kingshampton. He was a stranger to everybody, and no one connected him with the property. He knew that Beauvale, the property of his mother's family, was in that neighborhood, but he felt no immediate interest in it. It was quite a strange story to him, and a very wonderful story when he came to think of it; but he was so unspeakably happy to be with his Laura, that even this great heirship did not affect him much, except when he thought of it with reference to her.

Mr. Deane was no longer silent and melancholy. He could not forgive Wolverstone; but this new, large idea rose up at times before the other, and so made him forget it. The painful part of it to him was that Wolverstone, for whom he had felt such a tender regard almost from boyhood, should have taken such a cruel and dishonorable advantage of him. But, as I said before, Tom Arnold and the Beauvale property, which nobody now could dispute with him, was a magnificent reality. It was no day-dream, and there needed no day-dream about his falling in love with Laura, for long before that first evening was over he saw how perfectly Laura and Tom Arnold understood each other.

Little more need be said. That was the most remarkable Christmas that ever was passed at Kingshampton. Nobody talked of anything else but this wonderful fact of Tom Arnold's return. Laura worked a little at the Christmas decorations, and Tom helped her. They would have done more, if they had not had so much to say to each other.

There was a prodigious excitement amongst all the Beauchamps and Howards, and if they could have disputed Tom's identity they would. As it was, they yielded submissively.

The bells rang almost all the Christmas week for joy, for Tom gave blankets, and coats, and beef, and plum pudding, to all the poor folks for miles round.

It was a time of extraordinary rejoicing—a time of extraordinary events; but perhaps the most extraordinary to my mind was the present which poor Mr. Deane received on Christmas Eve. It was an envelope containing the bond which he had given to Wolverstone on that unhappy Thursday evening, now torn in two, with a note from Wolverstone, saying that he had not peace of mind, in what was done; he therefore returned him the canceled bond. He was going abroad for a few years, and begged to be kindly remembered by Mr. Deane and his daughter.



BREAKING THE ICE FOR THE SPARROWS, AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

The Banquet to Professor S. F. B. Morse, at Delmonico's Hotel, New York, Dec. 29th.

A COMPLEMENTARY dinner, in recognition of his eminent services to his country and the world, was given to Professor S. F. B. Morse, at Delmonico's Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Tuesday evening, December 29th. The banquet-hall was most appropriately and tastefully decorated. Above each window and mirror was a couplet of flags—one of the United States, and the other of some foreign nation, with their various coats-of-arms. Among the many beautiful ornaments on the well-appointed tables, the most conspicuous, placed in front of the Chairman, was a bronze statue of Atlas supporting the world, around which were ranged, in order, a schooner, a steamship, and a locomotive, representing the wonderful progress that has been made in the use of propelling powers. Above the globe was a figure of Jove in the act of launching his thunderbolts, and from them were stretched telegraphic wires connecting with four statuettes, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Another design, representing a painter's easel, a manikin, and other emblems of art, bore the inscription, "Morse, First President of the Academy of Design, N. Y." Among the various decorations, on the side-tables was one representing the laying of the Atlantic Cable, John Bull being represented on one side, whence the ship is just starting, while Brother Jonathan, upon the other side, stands waiting to receive it. Another represented Franklin and his kite.

Soon after six o'clock, the invited guests, numbering over two hundred and fifty, took their seats at the tables, and, being called to order by the Chairman, Chief-Justice Chase, a blessing was invoked by the Rev. Dr. Adams. On the removal of the decorations and cloth from the tables, thanks were returned by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, and the distinguished company gave themselves up to a "flow of soul."

The first toast, "The President of the United States," was followed by music by the band, after which came, "The Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and all Sovereigns and Peoples who have testified their appreciation of the Telegraphic inventions and enterprise of America." Responded to by Edward Thornton, C. B., British Minister to the United States.

"The Army and Navy of the United States, united, never to be separated," was next toasted, and the compliment acknowledged by Major-General Irwin McDowell.

In announcing the toast, "Our Guest, Professor Morse," the Chairman briefly alluded to the discoveries that had contributed to the possibility of the modern telegraph. They offered the brilliant opportunity; but there was needed a man to bring into being the new art, and in the guest of the evening, an eminent American, happily prepared by previous acquirements and pursuits, that person was found; and, seizing that opportunity, he gave to the world the first recording telegraph.

Professor S. F. B. Morse, in response, spoke of the rival claims of different nations to the invention of the telegraph. He distinguished between the *telegraph*, which makes a permanent record, and the *semaphore*, which simply makes signals, and claimed for this country only, the invention of the telegraph.

The telegraph was conceived in 1832, in an American ship on her voyage from Havre to New York. In 1836, a machine was exhibited in operation at the New York University. In the winter of 1837-8, the subject was brought before Congress (the English semaphore

semaphore was in operation since 1837), when the House Committee of Commerce reported favorably on it, but no farther action was taken by Congress for four years.

"In claiming for the United States the birthplace of the telegraph," he asked, "do I claim too much? Am I unjust to the distinguished sages of the Old, and some also in the New World, whose patient labors and brilliant discoveries prepared the way for its advent? No one more sincerely appreciates than myself the scien-

tific researches of Oersted, of Schweigger, of Ampere, of Arago, of Sturgeon, of Ohm, of Faraday, of Dana, and a host of distinguished workers in the mines of science, from out of every country—without whose labors, and the materials for combination which they furnished, the telegraph of the day would still have been unborn. These labors and researches were equally necessary in making effective the electro-magnetic semaphores, which followed almost immediately after the brilliant magneto-electric discovery of the re-

nowned Danish philosopher, Oersted. To a distinguished man of our own country, it is also claimed, belongs the discovery of a principle in galvanism which made practicable the electro-magnetic semaphore, and the electro-magnetic telegraph as well. However this may be, there are few in the country to whom science is more indebted for valuable labors and researches than Professor Henry, the eminent Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute.

"It may have passed out of the memory of most of the present generation, that the idea of attaching the telegraph to the Post Office Department was suggested in the very earliest stages of the invention. It was first broached in my correspondence with the Treasury Department more than thirty years ago—in 1837—but under very different circumstances from the present. I proposed in my letter of 27th September, 1837, to the Secretary, the attachment of the telegraph to the Post Office Department. The Secretary, the late Judge Woodbury, seconded the proposal in his letter of December 6, 1837, to the Speaker of the House. The proposition was repeated in my letter of February 15, 1838, to the Chairman of the House Committee of Commerce. It was again proposed by the Hon. C. G. Ferris, from the same committee, December 30, 1842.

"Why were these wise counsels of the committee disregarded in that day? The session of 1837 and 1838 passed away with no other action on the subject of the telegraph than a unanimously favorable report from the House Committee of Commerce. An interval of four years occurred before the attention of Congress could be again roused to consider the matter. Other motions disparaging to the invention were made, such as propositions to appropriate part of the sum to a telegraph to the moon. The majority of Congress did not concur in this attempt to defeat the measure by ridicule, and the bill was passed by the close vote of 99 to 93. The struggles of the telegraph before Congress were not ended with the passage of the bill to test its capacity between two distant cities. Another year witnessed the triumphant success of the test of its practicability. The invention vindicated its character as a substantial reality; it was no longer a chimera, a visionary scheme to extort money from the public coffers. Its inventor was no more subjected to the suspicion of lunacy, nor ridiculed in the halls of Congress."

Professor Morse's remarks, of which we give but the merest outline, were listened to with the interest accorded a great man and a grand discovery.

Further remarks were made by Professor Goldwin Smith, of Cornell University, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Attorney-General of the United States, Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., Daniel Huntington, President National Academy of Design, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and others, and the entertainment was brought to a conclusion shortly after midnight, every participant expressing much pleasure at the occasion.

Breaking the Ice for the Sparrows, at Union Square, New York City.

THE little colony of sparrows imported from England to this city have thrived amazingly, and have increased in numbers, until now they have become quite an extensive community. Their usefulness as destroyers of the worms that infest our shade-trees has been recognized, and the little feathered denizens of the great metropolis are welcome in their new home. It is a pretty sight to see them crowding to the fountain pond in Union Square, when the ice is being broken for their convenience, and the scene is gracefully represented in our engraving.



PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. BRADY.

The Mississippi Levee, near Chalmette, La.

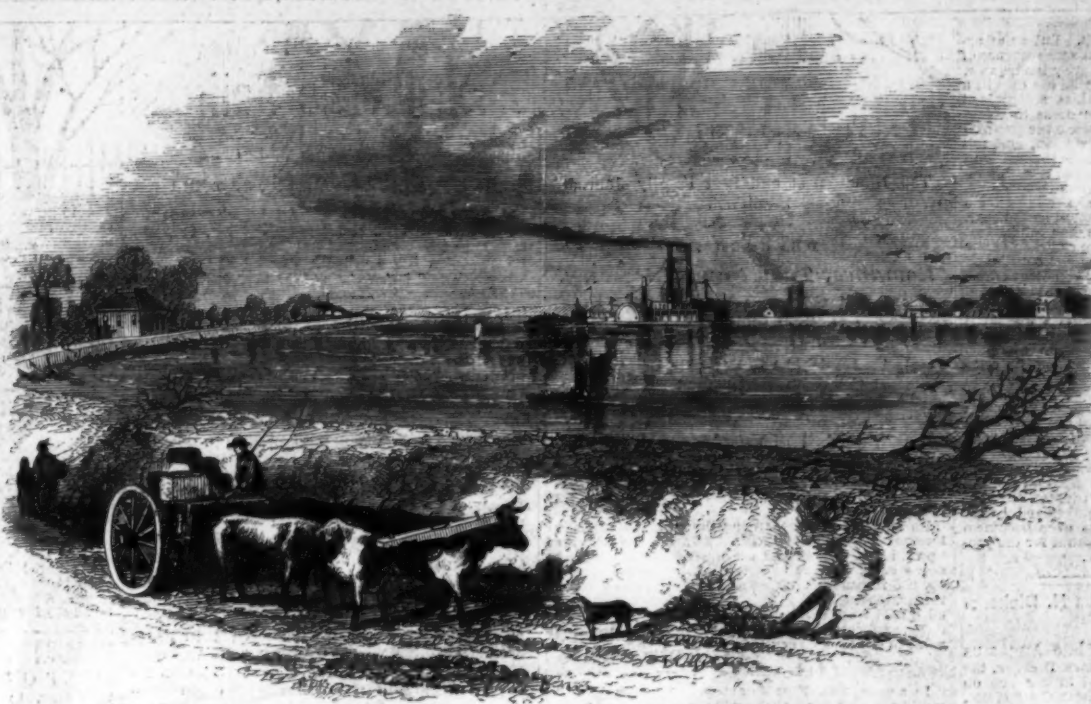
Our picture, while showing the general appearance of a levee on the Mississippi river, gives at the same time a view of the battle-ground of the 8th of January, 1815, where General Jackson won his signal victory over the forces of the British General Packenham. The events of that glorious day, familiar to every American schoolboy, need no description in our columns, but our picture of the scene of the struggle, even after so many decades have passed away, cannot fail to be interesting.

General Sarmiento, President of the Argentine Republic.

DON DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO, recently elected President of the Argentine Republic, was born at San Juan, at the foot of the Andes, in 1811.

His father was a Spaniard; his mother, of Moorish origin. At an early age he lost his parents, and was brought up by a relative, who taught him Latin and grammar, while a French engineer, named Barreau, gave him his first lessons in mathematics.

At fifteen years of age Sarmiento opened a school, attended by eight scholars, twenty years old. At seventeen years of age he was Instructor of Recruits, and Vice-Director of the Military School of San Juan. He took part in the first insurrection occasioned by the despotism of Rosas and Quiroga, and to escape the vengeance of the dictators, he fled to Chile. There Sarmiento engaged in various occupations. At Valparaiso he studied French, English, Italian, and Portuguese, and translated Walter Scott.



THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEE, AT CHALMETTE, LA.—THE BATTLE GROUND OF THE 8TH OF JANUARY, 1815.



GEN. SARMIENTO, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

In 1836, political passions having been appeased in his country, he returned to San Juan. His first act was to establish a school for young ladies, and he found time to establish and edit a non-political journal called *La Zonda*. Sarmiento committed a mistake in making an enemy of Benadites, Governor of San Juan. His journal was confiscated, and he himself thrown into prison. The mercenaries charged with the execution of the orders of the Governor went so far as to cripple their prisoner with sabres and bayonets. He was left for dead on the floor of his dungeon, but his vigorous constitution saved him. He escaped, and reached the frontier, but, like Coriolanus shaking the dust from his sandals at the gates of Rome, he wrote with charcoal this threat upon the walls of the last house: "Ideas cannot be killed." Wishing to extend his knowledge, he left Chile, visited the United States and Europe, and in 1847 returned to Chile.

In 1851 he returned to his own country, and struggled again against the despotism of Rosas. The power of the latter came to an end at the battle of Caseros, and Sarmiento, made colonel upon the field of battle, found himself, after twenty years' absence, reinstalled in security in his native land.

In 1862 he was made Governor of San Juan, his native city. After having made a fortunate expedition against the Gauchos, he gave himself up to literary labors, among which we may cite "A Life of Abraham Lincoln," in Spanish, and a book upon "Schools, the Basis of Prosperity and Liberty of the United States."

In 1865 he was sent as Ambassador to the United States. It is from New York that his compatriots have recently recalled him, to assume the position of President of the Argentine Republic.

The Magneto-Electric Machine—Laborers at Work by the Light of the Illuminating Apparatus.

In our last number we briefly explained the magneto-electric light, and gave a series of views illustrating the effects of this method of illumination. We now give two other pictures relating to this valuable in-

vention. In one, we show, considerably magnified, the coils upon which the electric currents act, producing the intense light that science has applied to industrial uses. In the other, we exhibit the application of this invention to a practical purpose, showing laborers at work at night, but with the scene of their labors lit up as with the glare of the noonday sun.

Extraordinary Murder Trial in France.

AN extraordinary trial has just been brought to a close at the Assize Court of the Bouches-du-Rhone. The accused were seven in number, all residing at Marseilles; three were widows, named Ville, aged forty-one, dealer in chinaware; Salvago, thirty, messenger; Gabriel, twenty, wineseller; all of whom are charged with causing the death of their husbands by administering arsenic or other noxious substances; the others were a man named Joye, herb-seller; Fanny Lambert, a fortuneteller, and two women named Dye and Flayol.

The present crime was brought to light in a singular manner. A mason, named Marino, is married to a flower-seller of the Court St. Louis; on the 20th of August last, the woman Lambert went to the wife and told her to be on her guard, as her husband had had a mistress who had determined to poison her. "If you do not believe me," she added, "go to the herb-seller Joye, he it is who is to provide the stuff." The woman Marino, alarmed at this communication, told it to her husband; the latter had, in fact, been on intimate terms with the accused Ville, but, although guilty of deceiving his wife, he was far from desiring her death. Marino endeavored to reassure her, but at bottom was deeply moved, as he had reasons for believing that there was some truth in the statement made.

He at once proceeded to the woman Ville, and questioned her, even threatening to denounce her to justice, but without obtaining any admission from her.

Not to be beaten, he determined to arrive at the facts by stratagem, and going to the herb-seller, he said:

"I am the lover of Madame Ville, and know all that has been done; but you have only half accomplished your work; I wish to live freely with Madame Ville—can you not rid me of my wife?"

Joye first closely examined the countenance of Marino to discover whether he was sincere, but the other bore his regard unmoved. The herb-seller was evidently satisfied with the scrutiny, as he said:

"Are you a man?" The other, without losing his self-possession, replied:

"If I were not I should not be here; but I warn you that I will not have my wife suffer so long as Monsieur Ville did."

This latter remark reassured Joye, who then promised to furnish him the next day with a powder to be administered, adding, that it was the fault of Fanny Lambert if Ville had lasted so long.

The scheme thus attempted had proved so successful, that Marino resolved to try it with the woman Ville; and returning, he told her that he was resolved to kill his wife in order to live freely with his paramour. The woman was delighted, and falling into the snare, acknowledged that she had poisoned her husband.

"But if we are discovered?" said Marino.

"Do not be afraid," she replied; "we are not alone."

She then related that the women Salvago and Gabriel had got rid of their husbands in the same way.

Armed with this evidence, the man proceeded straight to the police authorities, and related the whole affair, and the chief accused were arrested. The judicial inquiry which followed brought to light a series of facts of the grossest immorality, and involved the other women as accessories. Each of the three women had murdered her husband in order to remove a restraint on her debauchery. The only one that showed any hesitation to commit a murder was the youngest ac-

cused, Gabriel, but her reluctance was said to have been overcome by her mother, the prisoner Dye, and the woman Flayol, a sort of procuress.

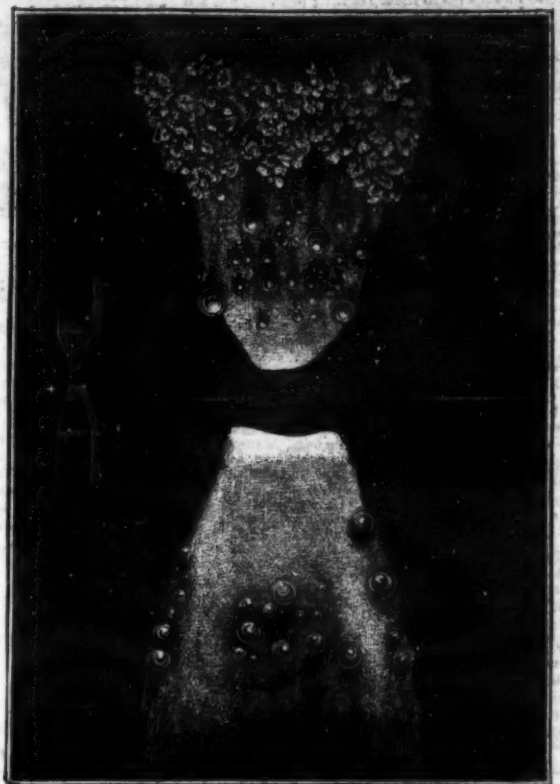
The fortuneteller, Fanny Lambert, had aided the wives in procuring the poison; and was even charged by the woman Ville with having first instigated her to the crime. The sums which this woman received for her services varied from ten francs, given by the prisoner Salvago, to about three thousand francs, which Madame Ville declares she had paid her at different times. Eventually she found that the prisoner Ville was in direct communication with Joye for the purpose of poisoning, as she supposed, the woman Marino, and it was from revenge at finding that she was not to share in the profit of this new crime that she made the declaration which led to the discovery of the whole affair.

The man Joye added the profession of fortuneteller to his trade of herb-seller, and two witnesses, who had consulted him as such, declared he first suggested to them they were unhappy in their married life, and then offered his services to rid them of their husbands. His method was first to propose supernatural means, and then gradually accustom them to the idea of employing poison.

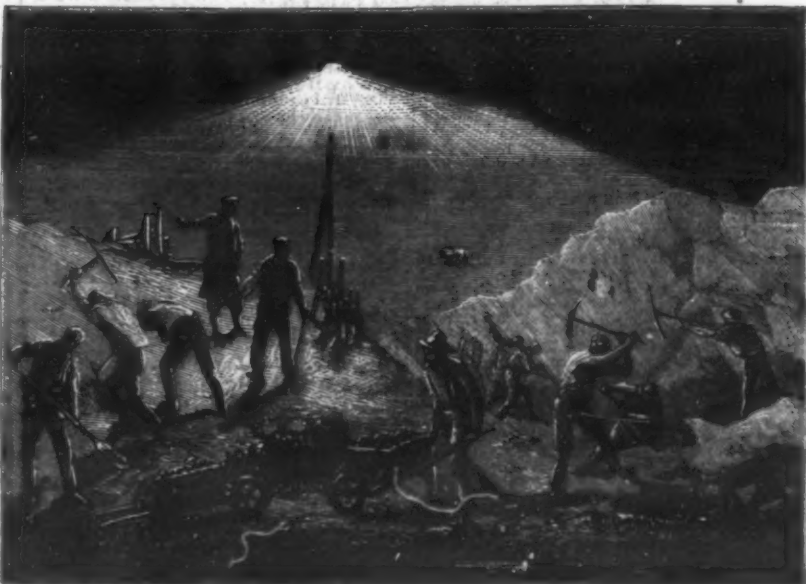
One woman he had instructed to procure a nail from a coffin in a certain cemetery, and to plant it in the ground while pronouncing the name of her husband. He then added:

"After that, come to me, and I will give you something that will do the rest."

The substance which he usually employed was arsenic, of which a large quantity was found concealed in



COILS OF THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC LIGHT.



LABORERS AT WORK BY THE LIGHT OF THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINES.

his shop, and which he appears to have purchased with the remaining stock of a bankrupt chemist.

The gross superstition which the evidence given on the trial showed to exist among the lower classes of Marseilles is almost incredible. One woman had paid Joye ten francs for a charm to make up a proposed marriage for her daughter which had been broken off; the charm-woman, after consulting Joye, had prayed every night from eleven to twelve, to the moon and stars, for success in a love affair, in which she was herself personally concerned; and on this fact being mentioned in court, she was observed to make the sign of the cross. Again, the accused, Flayol, had advised the woman Gabriel to burn a taper to the Virgin, so that her crime might not be discovered.

Joye, while in prison, made three different attempts to commit suicide—once by strangling himself with a sheet, then by swallowing a quantity of tobacco and thirdly, by trying to choke himself with a piece of his shirt.

The three principal accused confessed their guilt and, after a trial which lasted six days, the jury delivered their verdict. The women Dye and Flayol were acquitted, and all the others found guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The woman Salvago was condemned to twenty years' hard labor, and the four others to a similar punishment for life.

Feminine Fashions.

Who sets the fashions, and why do women follow them?

The explanation ordinarily given of the order with which women pursue the fashions is, first they do it from a natural desire to make themselves charming in the eyes of men. That is the solution of the problem which nine men out of ten will give, and which lately has been more than once announced in the formula: "Women dress to please men." As a diagnosis of the original physiology of woman's love of ornament, or as an evolution of the first elementary principle whence sprang that habit of self-adornment which is now so genital in women, this apophthegm, though inadequate,

no doubt, partly expresses the truth. But as an explanation of the cause of the modern extravagance of dress-woman in women, it is not merely inadequate, but positively untrue. Whatever may be the case in a savage community, it is certain that, as society is at present constituted, women do not "dress to please men," but to please, or, rather, to escape the persecutions of their own sex. Fear of woman, and not love of man, is the feeling which makes them submit to the tyranny of the fashions. Woman is in this respect her own enslaver. If any woman doubts this, let her ask herself whether, when she dresses for a dinner-party, it is the attention bestowed by the host, or that bestowed by the hostess, on her toilet, that gives her the most concern. Is it the criticism of the men, or that of the women, that she most court-and fears? Is it before or after dinner that justice is done to her dress? The truth is, that the nine men out of ten who tell us that "women dress to please men" never criticize women's dress at all. If a woman is very eccentrically or very unbecomingly dressed, most of them have a vague, general impression of something wrong; but not one in a hundred really criticizes the dress of his hostess or of the women between whom he finds himself at the dinner-table.

Fear of each other is, then, the principal sentiment which ties women down to the slavery of dress-woman; and this feeling, combining with the instincts, or congenial habits, of imitation and self-adornment, and with the want of the highest originality—which seems to be a natural defect in the sex and is illustrated by the fact that in the art of music, the one subject in which women have generally received better instruction than men, no woman has ever become a first-rate composer—is sufficient to account for the proclivity of women to imitations of costume.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Augustus N. Dickens of Chicago.

Mrs. DICKENS, widow of the late Augustus N. Dickens, and sister-in-law to Charles Dickens, the well-known novelist, was found dead in her bed on Christmas Day, at her residence, 568 North Clark street, Chicago. She and her children were invited to a party, given on Christmas Eve, by Mrs. Lawrence, cousin to her husband, who lives on the West Side. Mrs. Dickens did not go herself, but sent her children, and the following note, explaining her absence:

"DEAR EMILY—After seeing you yesterday somebody relieved me of my purse and its contents. The affair has worried me so that I have concluded not to accept your invitation for myself, but to let the children come. Please see them safely to the cars; or, if too late after your festivities, keep them all night; but be sure and send them home early in the morning, as we are anticipating a merry little dinner to-morrow. BERTHA."

The children went to the party with light hearts, and enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. When the fun and frolic had ended, it was found too late for them to go home, so Mrs. Lawrence kept them until the next morning. She then placed them on the cars, and they reached the house about noon. Going to the door, they knocked, but no answer was returned. Supposing their mother was at Mrs. Barnard's, next door, they went in and asked that lady, who in return asked them if their mother had not gone over to Mrs. Lawrence's. She had not, nor was she at Mrs. Barnard's; therefore, she must be at home. After further knocking, without effect, Mr. Barnard entered the house by raising a window, and then opened the front door. Mrs. Barnard and the children entered, the former going directly to Mrs. Dickens's room, where she found her in bed, her head resting on one hand, the other lying on the counterpane. Her face was composed and as natural as if she were in a deep sleep, and so it proved—she was in the sleep that knows no waking. Mrs. Barnard found the body quite warm and soft. Dr. Seifert, who lives opposite, was at once sent for, and, on examining, pronounced life extinct, and that death was caused by an overdose of morphine. By the side of the bed were found two bottles, one of them nearly full of morphine, and the other empty. An empty wine-glass, in which traces of morphine were discernible, stood near the bottles.

It seems that for about eight months Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of taking morphine to allay the pain of severe attacks of neuralgia, to which she was a victim. On Christmas Eve she told Mrs. Barnard that her stock of morphine was nearly exhausted, and requested her to get her a supply at the drugist's. Mrs. Barnard did so. This accounts for the two bottles found by the bedside, one of which was empty, and the other full, showing that but little of it had been used. It would seem that she took too much of the narcotic by mistake. It is not generally believed that she committed suicide, as she had made every preparation for a Christmas dinner; the turkey was in the sideboard, ready for roasting; the children's candy, and the raisins and other ingredients for a plum pudding, were in the house. It is true that a small pecuniary loss incurred on Wednesday preyed upon her mind, and may have produced melancholy. The following letter explains the matter:

568 NORTH CLARK ST., 23d December, 1868.
GENTLEMEN—During a necessary visit to the city yesterday I was unfortunately relieved of my purse (either in some crowded store or car), which contained a certificate of deposit on your bank for \$100 (unassigned). I therefore promptly caution you not to pay to any other person than myself the same or any smaller amount, unless applied for in person by your much obliged BERTHA P. DICKENS.

To the President of Third National Bank, Chicago.
This letter shows that she was not in pecuniary distress, and that she contemplated calling at the bank "in person." Besides the certificate of deposit, there was only a small amount of currency in her pocket-book. It is known that for some time back she has been reading a work on morphine, which goes to show either that her mind was running on the subject of poisons, or that she used morphine so much she wished to acquaint herself with its properties and effects.

Coroner Cleaves held an inquest on Christmas night, which resulted in a verdict that deceased came to her death by an overdose of morphine, administered by herself while in a state of mental aberration. The mental aberration was presumed, because she had been studying the work on morphine, which may or may not be a violent presumption.

The deceased was born in England some thirty-nine years ago. Her father was Mr. Phillips, a prominent London solicitor, and her brothers and sisters move in respectable society in England. She married Augustus Dickens, and with him came to this country, about twelve years since. When death made her a widow she had three young children depending upon her. She was dependent upon the bounty of her father and brothers, from whom she received the money that built the house in which she lived. Her father died about a year ago, leaving her enough to rear her children respectably. The children are three—two boys and a girl—Bertram, a mainly little lad of twelve; Adrian, an intelligent boy of eight; and Amy, a pretty and interesting girl of six. They are now doubly orphans. Fortunately they have some kind friends in Chicago, and there was no lack of womanly sympathy and kind help in the house of mourning. Fair and nimble fingers sewed quickly to prepare for the funeral, and the children were taken care of at the house of Mrs. Lawrence, where they will remain until arrangements are made for their future.

C. O. D.—Reader, if you want a genuine watch, and do not desire to be swindled by dealers in spurious imitations, procure circular containing valuable information to watch buyers. Sent free. M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., 47 Liberty street, N. Y.

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Hon. E. G. Squier, the well-known antiquarian, author and traveler, whose works on the ancient ruins of South America have been translated into every language.

Prof. C. A. Joy, Lecturer on Chemistry and cognate Sciences at Columbia College, New York.

A. K. Gardner, M.D., author of many important works on Medicine.

William Ross Wallace, the poet of passion and chivalry.

Captain Mayne Reid, the world-known interpreter of Mexican, Texan, and Border life.

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A. J. H. Duganne,

G. W. A. Bangay,

Virginia F. Townsend,

M. A. Dennison.

To give the public a fair idea of the character of THE NEW WORLD, the papers in the first number are subjoined:

CONTENTS.

"The Ring of Fire; or, The Sorcerer of the Temple," a splendidly written romance—profusely illustrated—from the pen of Arthur Sibley. This splendid story of the East, portraying the reign of the beautiful Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, will be read everywhere with profound interest.

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"The Diamond Ring; How it was Lost and Found." This story is founded in fact. To commend it to the reader, it is only necessary to remark that its author is Hon. E. G. Squier.

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